

# The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

## *"Constitutional" Mexico*

By THOMAS F. DALY

## *A Royal Portrait*

By ENID DINNIS

## *Brother Lawrence*

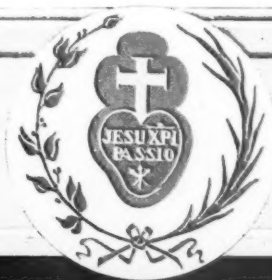
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Vol. 7, No. 9

April, 1928

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# The + Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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## *Help Spread the Truth*

TO THE READERS OF THE SIGN.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

I sincerely thank those of you who have shown an interest in our crusade of enlightenment on the Mexican Situation; and I sincerely hope that not only will they continue that interest but also that others of our readers will lend their strength to our crusade.

Please read carefully "CONSTITUTIONAL" MEXICO in this issue (pages 521-528). There you will find the actual wording of four articles in the Mexican Constitution—articles which are just as un-American as they are anti-Catholic. For instance:

1. All schools must be secularized, and private schools must not teach religion.
2. State officials are to decide on the religious needs of the people and are to regulate the number of clergymen required.
3. The churches are the property of the Nation.
4. No financial support for religion may be solicited or received outside the churches.
5. Clergymen cannot vote, and cannot receive bequests except from relatives within the fourth degree of kindred.
6. No clergyman may even recommend the clerical or religious life to any young man or woman under the age of eighteen years.
7. Clergymen cannot conduct charitable institutions, such as hospitals, homes for the aged, the orphan, the poor, the blind, or schools or colleges.
8. Clergymen must be licensed by the State, and only native Mexicans can be priests or ministers.

I feel certain that the vast majority of Americans are utterly ignorant of these provisions of the Mexican Constitution. Suppose, you enlighten some at least in your neighborhood by passing Mr. Daly's article to them. If we are convinced Catholics we will try to relieve the deplorable condition of our persecuted brethren in Mexico by telling the truth about their persecutors—the Mexican Gang.

Faithfully yours in Christ,

*Father Harold Purcell, C.P.*



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Volume Seven

April, 1928

Number Nine

## Current Fact and Comment

### *The Living Christ*

THE SIGNIFICANCE of Easter cannot be too much stressed for us Catholics. In a unique sense "this is the day that the Lord hath made." It is not merely the commemoration of an astounding and authenticated fact—the Rising of our Lord Jesus Christ from the grave—but it is a witness to His living presence in the Church.

To the un-Christian world Christ exists as an historical character only. To the non-Catholic world He remains as One Who lived, died and was buried. He arose again and now lives apart from the world and estranged from human conditions. To them His meaning of His life is summed up in the nobility of His teachings, the inspiration of His personal example, the power of His intercessory prayer.

To us Catholics, however, He is an abiding presence. He did not give us a code of morals and a set of beliefs to be applied and interpreted as each one saw fit; but He continues His teaching office in the person of His Vicar on Earth, the Pope whom He preserves from error in the teaching of faith and morals. In the sacramental system He functions for the individual soul as the immediate source of grace. Particularly in the Blessed Sacrament have we His tangible presence. In the reception of It we are brought into personal contact with Him—so that He actually becomes the very food of our soul. The Church would seem to stress this truth by uniting her great festivity with the chief obligation of her children—Easter Day and Easter Duty.

### *Our Most Infamous Conspiracy*

SEVEN YEARS ago what has been called the greatest conspiracy in our American history—the plot to steal the oil reserves of the Navy—was effectively hatched. After this long length of time the Government has gotten back the stolen property—valued at \$400,000,000—but not even one of the infamous conspirators has been sent to jail.

No less than three of our greatest Presidents—Theodore Roosevelt, William Howard Taft and Woodrow Wilson—participated in a series of executive acts and orders by which certain extensive areas of untapped oil lands, owned by the Government, were reserved for the United States Navy and were "not to be drawn upon so long as it was possible to purchase oil in sufficient quantity." The highest naval authorities declared these oil reserves to be as essential to our national defence in time of war as battleships, guns and ammunition.

Through the initiative of President Roosevelt these valuable oil reserves were created. The Wilson Administration prevented the robbery of them. President Taft, as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, played an important part in the extraordinary decisions by which the conspirators were denounced and the reserves were restored to the Nation.

With the coming of the Harding Administration, Mr. Albert Fall, the new Secretary of the Interior, set in motion the machinery by which the oil reserves were turned over to certain pri-

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vate oil interests. On May 31, 1921, President Harding signed a secret executive order by which the reserves were transferred from the Navy to the Interior Department. The transfer was not made without incurring the vigorous protests of patriotic Navy officers who resisted the transfer almost to the point of insubordination. The summer was spent in shifting these officers to distant stations, and by autumn Mr. Fall was surrounded by a body of "yes-men" and was ready for action. . . . Pay day came for Mr. Fall in May, 1922.

Into this conspiracy entered five oil magnates, whose combined wealth runs into hundreds of millions of dollars, and four former Cabinet officers—Albert B. Fall, Edwin Denby, Will H. Hays and John W. Weeks. These, it should not be forgotten, are four of the "best minds" of which the Harding Administration so vaingloriously boasted!

Whatever may be said in extenuation of the conduct of the oil magnates, very little, it appears, can possibly be said in justification of the Cabinet officers. Whether working for their own personal aggrandizement or for the putative good of the Republican party, they played fast and loose with a sacred trust and they should be punished to the limit of the law. On the other hand the members of the Senate Investigating Committee, irrespective of their party affiliations, deserve all credit for their gallant efforts in righting the great wrong that has been done.

### *A Measly \$2.50 Holdup*

JAMES CATENA, 22 years old, who escaped from the Rahway, N. J., Reformatory five months ago after beating two guards with an iron pipe, was slain a few days ago after holding up a taxicab driver. His companion, Vincent Marsillo, 39, escaped the detectives' bullets but was captured a few hours after Catena's death. "It was a tough game," he confessed. "For nineteen holdups we got less than \$100." When he saw Catena's body in the morgue, he exclaimed, "Poor kid, to think you had to be knocked off in a measly \$2.50 holdup!"

That is one view of the tragedy. Another is this:

When Pietro Catena, the father of the slain boy, was notified, he said: "I expected it. My son was a thoroughly bad boy and kept bad com-

pany. I knew that some day this would happen to him. He wouldn't work, and I had to spend thousands of dollars keeping him out of trouble. Thank God, it's all over now."

A third view is this:

Anthony Marsillo, father of the other boy, said: "It's a shame my son wasn't shot, too. He deserved it! He'll get no help from me." Mrs. Marsillo added: "That's good! Now I can sleep at night. I hope that my boy stays in jail the rest of his life. We could do nothing with him."

In the three views there is much matter for serious thought by boys, young men and their parents.

### *Fascism Gone Mad*

QUITE noteworthy is the fact—a fact commented upon rather frequently both by the American and foreign press—that our Holy Father, Pius X, is the only one in Italy who has dared publicly to criticize the operations of the Fascist State and the program of its dictator, Premier Mussolini.

The latest pronouncement of the Pope is a vigorous protest against the Fascist Cabinet Council's determination to suppress all such organizations as the Catholic Boy Scouts and to place the education of all Italian children and youth under the absolute control of the State. In justification of their plan the Fascist leaders use the old subterfuge that in this action they are actually benefitting the Church by ridding it of "all earthly activities and leaving it free to dedicate itself entirely to its dogmatic and spiritual mission."

From both the American as well as the Catholic viewpoint, the action of the Council is preposterous. The State is not supreme in all departments of human life; and to make it supreme is to forfeit the natural rights of civil liberty. The State may justly claim a general supervision of education, but to restrict all education to State curricula and State institutions is to infringe upon the rights of parents and church alike.

Our own Constitution recognizes and guarantees freedom of speech, liberty of conscience, freedom of worship and the right of assembly. These things we are accustomed to and take for granted. They are not, however, the rights of Italian citizens under Fascism. Still the Italy of today is not the Italy of yesterday and may not be the

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Italy of tomorrow. Her greatness has been the outgrowth of her Catholic culture and we believe that Fascism—good in spots and bad in spots—will never succeed in uprooting that culture.

### *A Ministerial Enemy*

**M**ANY ARE the foes that are conspiring to put the minister out of the picture of modern life. But we never suspected that higher education was one of the enemies in the way indicated by a Methodist bishop the other day. We have felt all along that wider and deeper knowledge among the masses was everyday making the position of the Protestant minister more untenable. Now and again comfort came to us from the cry that the need of the modern ministry is education. An educated populace requires an enlightened parson. That was logical. We rejoiced over the straightforward recognition. We were wrong, however. A new antagonist has entered the lists against the minister; and that is, higher education in the minister himself. The preservation of the Methodist faith must depend upon the laity rather than the clergy, according to a statement recently made by a Methodist bishop, because "the clergy expose themselves to great temptations" while pursuing their intellectual life.

That looks like the most unkindest cut of all. To see his primary function passing over to others because of an incompetence imposed by the very thing that he was often reminded he was lacking in, must make any minister, who aspires to the remembered interest of the future, grateful for such institutions as museums.

### *A Kleagle Squeals*

**T**HE FORMER head of the Ku Klux Klan in Indiana, D. C. Stephenson, who is serving a life sentence for murder, charges in a deposition in the Federal Court in Pittsburgh, Pa., that Imperial Wizard, W. H. Evans instigated the killing of Capt. William S. Coburn because he "was going to bring out some embarrassing matters in a suit against the Klan." He also charged that the Klan was engaged in bootleg operations and that it, through Evans, dominated courts, trial jurors, the Legislatures of various States

and juggled the public funds of States through men it had put into office.

Now that the wholesale corruption of the Klan is being exposed—largely through the confessions of former members—our sympathy goes out to the hundreds of thousands of good but gullible souls who joined the night-shirt brigade.

### *From Captain McCullagh*

**N**OT ONLY by the printed word but also by the spoken word is Captain McCullagh carrying on the good work of enlightening the English-speaking world on the atrocious conditions in Mexico as they actually are and they shall probably continue to be under his incoming successor, Obregon. Under date of February 7, the Captain writes us:

THE NATIONAL SAFE DEPOSIT,  
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ENGLAND.

REV. HAROLD PURCELL, C.P.,  
EDITOR, THE SIGN,  
UNION CITY, N. J.

MY DEAR FATHER PURCELL:

I have lectured to the Catholic students of Oxford; and am to lecture in London, Stafford, Wales, Dublin (twice at least) and probably in Cork, Limerick and Belfast.

You might announce in *THE SIGN* that a 100,000-word book of mine, called "Red Mexico" is to be published in the autumn by Messrs. Brentano, Publishers, 2 Portsmouth St., Kingsway, London, W.C. 2. I am hard at work on it, and I will welcome from the readers of *THE SIGN* true stories of the Mexican atrocities—especially photographs as well as newspaper clippings, pamphlets and books in Spanish or any other language (except Aztec). All communications may be sent me at the address that heads this note.

Sincerely yours,  
FRANCIS MCCULLAGH.

Those who have read either in *THE SIGN* or in pamphlet form Captain McCullagh's articles on "The Mexican Gang" and "At Mexican Headquarters" appreciate his ability to get the facts in a case and his literary powers of presenting those facts in a telling manner. We sincerely hope that our readers will take a lively interest in his forthcoming book and will furnish him with whatever data may come into their possession. In the meantime they are asked to continue the distribution of his pamphlet, 80,000 copies of which have already been broadcast.

# A Royal Portrait

## The End of a New Testament Incident

OLD SIMON lay very quietly with his eyes closed—those strange, peering eyes of his with their wistful expression of enquiry. The two women by his bedside wondered whether he could open them again to this world. They were a couple of kind souls who were looking after him, for the sick man's wife had died many years before and his two children, his sons, Rufus and Alexander, were far away in a strange land. Rachel had attended to the lone man for many years, the other woman was a stranger who was stopping at the house next door. She was said to be on a journey. A silent, gentle creature with no harsh words for man or beast. She had slipped in quietly to give assistance when the old, long healed wound on Simon's shoulder had suddenly opened and begun to bleed afresh, and with ready resourcefulness had fetched from her own house the soft linen necessary for bandaging the wound. Rachel found herself looking to her now for support, for the silent, gentle woman was wonderfully strong.

Ever and anon other neighbors came in and out of the open door. They stood and gazed at the unconscious form on the bed and waxed reminiscent concerning the old man who was passing from their midst.

One very aged man, who had been grown up when Simon was a lad recalled the talent which the latter had possessed in his youth. An extraordinary genius for making portraits. The young Simon had made a wonderful drawing of the head of Caesar Augustus, the reigning Emperor, which he was to have taken to show to the Governor. It was said that it would make his fortune; but Simon had lost the faculty for making portraits when the trouble crept down his right arm and made his hand shaky and uncertain.

Another who stood by was recalling the ready kindness of the man who on his beath-bed had collected his friends and acquaintances to call him blessed. How familiar a figure it had been—old Simon's—hastening forward to give a helping hand to whatever poor wight needed it. Were it a heavy pitcher or a load of merchandize Simon would be ready with the helping hand. The hand which jerked and misguided the stylus when its owner attempted to draw a picture was ready for

the task. He would peer wistfully into the face of the object of his charity as though in search of something there, and often a flicker of delight would pass over his own; and did the person whose load Simon had shared attempt to reward him, the old man would answer, "I'm already well apaid."

In his latter years the old man had made a habit of stationing himself at the foot of the hill leading up to the village so as to be ready with his helping hand when a weary traveler came along. Those by his bedside recalled the amiable hobby, with a half smile.

"But the day before he was stricken thus," a young man said, "I saw him helping that old reprobate, Jones, with a load that should have been on his beast only that the ass had a sore foot and he liked not to work it."

The stranger woman looked up at the words. "If he were merciful to his beast he were not such a reprobate," she said. "'Tis the just man that is merciful to his beast. Old Jonas may not be so much of a reprobate as men say."

The other speaker smiled. "That is said with your ingenuity," he responded. "I have noted, dear lady, that when others throw mud you wipe it off and find fairness beneath."

The other flushed, and eyed the maker of the nicely-turned little speech as though he had given vent to some utterance more forceful than a compliment.

"At any rate there was no other who would have troubled himself to be beast of burden to a thankless old fellow like Jones except our friend here," the first speaker said, standing by his opinion.

"I was well apaid." The man on the bed had opened his eyes. "I was well apaid," he repeated, and then closed them again.

THE STARTLED company began to ask themselves what they had been saying in the presence of the seemingly unconscious man. The ancient man who had been reminiscent took the situation in hand.

"I was speaking of that portrait that you did once make of the Emperor," he said. "That which you were to take to Jerusalem and present to the Roman Governor, that you might become famous."



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The old man's faded eyes gazed into the past. They grew brighter; they glistened. There were tears in them.

"What became of that portrait, Simon?"

It was good that the sick man should be roused.

THE SHINING eyes wandered over the faces round searchingly. They were beginning to grow dim again. He turned on his pillow.

"Rufus!" he said. "Alexander! I dreamt that you were coming over yon. Do they not come? My sons, Rufus and Alexander." Those round the bed were impelled to follow the sick man's gaze out across the hills. They gasped, and looked at one another. Surely enough, in the dim distance two riders were approaching.

"They come," old Simon said. "Rufus and Alexander, my children. They come to tell me that they are great men in the city of the Empire, as I thought once that I should be great. I will tell them what became of the picture. Rufus and Alexander, my sons."

"Ride forth quickly and prepare them," Rachel whispered to the younger man, for no one doubted the truth of the dying man's provision. "They should not come and find him lying there. They dote on their father, even as he dotes on them."

So a few minutes later the two travelers who had hurried homeward from Rome on receipt of the news of their father's failing health had been greeted and forewarned of the state in which they would find him.

The brothers proceeded with bowed heads towards the home of their youth. Neither of them knew whether to be sorrowful or relieved by the news received. They had that in store for their aged father's ears which would not be good hearing for him—the parent who had cherished such high ambitions for his sons—for they had formed associations which were not conducive to worldly prosperity. Impending death might relieve them of the necessity of telling him things which would be worse than death. Yet, on the other hand, they longed to tell him the good tidings which he had lacked the opportunity of learning for himself.

The dying man opened his eyes once more as his sons entered the door. "Rufus, Alexander," he murmured. "I must tell you concerning the portrait that I made of the Emperor."

"I fear me that I set his mind off on that subject," the narrator of the story of the portrait said. "I reminded him of it just a while past, and it stays in his mind."

Simon gazed from one to the other of his sons. They had seated themselves on either side of his bed. "I took it to Jerusalem," he murmured—"the portrait of the Emperor."

Alexander made a sign to Rufus to humor him. They sat and listened. Better that he should get the thing off his mind.

"They told me that if I showed it to the Governor my fortune would be made. I carried it sewn up in my tunic lest the robbers might steal it. It was worth stealing, my likeness of the Emperor."

The old man beside the bed nodded. "It was," he told the listeners, "I saw it with my eyes."

"There was a robber called Barabbas," the feeble voice went on, "that had just been taken himself that had many in his band. So I hid it in the bosom of my tunic. It was the time of the Feast and the city was crowded, so I found a lodging outside, and approached the city on foot when I went thither to see the Governor."

"When I got near to the gate I met a body of soldiers who were bringing out three malefactors to crucify them. Some said Barabbas was one of them, but others said, no."

The speaker paused to gain breath. Whilst he drew in the heavy labored breath—the two sons watching him held theirs.

"There was one malefactor who was carrying his own cross," Simon went on. "It was beyond his strength, and he had stumbled, and the guard seeing me, a stranger, seized hold of me and forced me to take hold of the cross and help him to carry it."

"I took hold of the far end that was dragging on the ground and carried it for a while. Then I noticed that it was not helping him much. He still had all the weight of it . . . So I moved a little nearer."

"His back was turned to me and I had not so much as seen his face, but I felt compassion for him for his shoulder was bleeding from the scourges as well as the pressing of the rough wood on it."

"He stumbled again and struggled to his feet," Simon went on; "and I crept a little nearer."

THE SICK man's voice was getting stronger. His eyes were shining.

"Then he stumbled again and fell to the ground. A woman came up out of the crowd and wiped the blood and dust from his face with a clean napkin. I tried to catch sight of it but it was turned the other way."

The narrator halted and closed his eyes. The

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woman who was a stranger readjusted the bandage on his shoulder. Her hand, the firm, deft hand of a born nurse, was trembling a little. Rufus and Alexander were gazing in silence at each other.

"WHEN WE started again—" Simon had opened his eyes and was continuing—"I crept up closer. It was a very long cross and the nearer I got the more it helped. I was able to take some of the weight off him. So I moved up closer and closer until I was right up behind him and the arm of the cross was on my own shoulder as well as his. It was a terrible weight"—the bandaged shoulder of the man on the bed was twitching—"the durenness of that journey was beyond telling. I grew weak and faint, but I kept on. Not for a kingdom would I have given in. Besides, I wanted to catch a sight of his face."

"When we got to the foot of the hill of execution he fell yet again. I thought that he was dead. I hoped he was, for it would have saved him the rest. But they got him up again and set the cross on his shoulder. But this time I got quite close up so that all the weight was on my own shoulder. The front of my tunic was sodden with the blood from his garment; but even now I had not seen his face.

"They got him up to the top of the hill, and then they took the cross from him and told me I might go. I obeyed them—for a few steps; then I turned and looked back. They had torn off his garments and he was standing there." Simon paused. "And I saw his face," he said.

He paused again. This time not from exhaustion. He was simply gazing his fill at something that memory preserved for his inner vision.

"A sudden dizziness came over me. I crept away into the shadow of a tomb nearby, and then I must have swooned or fallen asleep. I was spent with the exertion and the horror of it all. I woke up hours later. I found myself lying with my tunic soaked in blood. At first I thought that I had been wounded myself. Then I remembered. I thrust my hand into the lining. The blood had soaked right through. My likeness of the Emperor was a mass of crimson pulp."

Old Simon lay thinking, and forgetting to tell his thoughts. "It was dead and gone, my masterpiece," he said, "so I thrust it into a crevice in the rock under the tomb. There were people approaching carrying a bier; it was a rich man's tomb—so I made haste to move away."

The old man who had seen the masterpiece

made an exclamation which broke the tense silence.

"And you never made another portrait of the Emperor," he cried.

The head on the pillow moved sideways with slow emphasis.

"I had no wish even to try," was the reply: "There is but one face that I would fain have portrayed, the face I saw when I turned and looked that morning when they had stripped him of his garments. Sometimes I seem to get a glimpse of it again in other faces when I give a hand to the helpless. It comes as a flash, and goes. No, I never made another likeness of Caesar."

Once more the speaker's strength had given out. The brothers exchanged a quick glance; then Rufus leant forward, with shining eyes. The stranger woman had risen quickly and vanished—it might be to fetch more clean linen, for the wound was bleeding afresh.

"Listen, Father," the son said, "the portrait that you would fain have made is truly the likeness of a King, for He Whom they crucified that day was no other than Christ the Messiah; and on the third day He rose again from the tomb, and He ascended into Heaven and reigns with God the Father."

They waited until Simon opened his eyes. The stranger woman had returned with her fair linen. She was kneeling at the foot of the bed holding up a kerchief.

Imprinted on it was a face, the portrait of a King. To this purpose she had brought hither the finest of her fine linen to heal the wound made by the arrow of the King's love.

The dying man's eyes rested on it in wonder and supreme content. Then they were lifted higher, above the portrait, and the bowed head of the woman who held it, and rapture entered into the gaze.

The woman lowered the napkin and folded it reverently.

"He sees the King Himself," she whispered. "No need of the true image."

A bowl of pure water stood by the bedside. Alexander rose and sprinkled a little on his father's forehead; and after that Simon fell asleep.

Why will any man be so impertinently officious as to tell me all prospect of a future state is only fancy and delusion? Is there any merit in being the messenger of ill news? If it is a dream, let me enjoy it since it makes me both the happier and the better man.—ADDISON.

# "Constitutional" Mexico

*About Which the American People Should Know the True Facts*

By THOMAS F. DALY

UNDOUBTEDLY there is in this country a vast amount of deplorable ignorance about present conditions in Mexico; and the pity of it is that this ignorance is not limited to the unthinking crowd but is found among our educated circles.

This ignorance is chiefly due to what may be justly styled a "conspiracy of silence" on the part of our American press. When the press does speak it practically confines its utterances to the social engagements of Mr. Morrow, our Ambassador, or to the American interests in Mexican oil and minerals.

It is painfully silent about the inhibitions, the suppression and the downright persecution of ninety-five per cent of the Mexican people.

Unfortunately, too, there is virulent and active propaganda being carried on in the United States that, in the printed and spoken word, either conceals the real facts about Mexico or else maliciously misinterprets them.

The American people should know that the

present Mexican Government is neither "Constitutional," as we understand the word, nor liberal nor progressive. They should not believe that the Mexican people are behind President Calles and his "red" government. These people are as helpless as the 150,000,000 Russians who are controlled by a few thousand "reds" in power who have seized the machinery of government and who ruthlessly destroy all opposition by the firing squad.

The continuation or the cessation of this terrible state of persecution and wholesale murder upon a defenseless Christian people now going on in Mexico rests in the hands of the American people.

I shall divide this article into three sections. The first gives the very words of four articles of the 1917 Constitution. The second shows how this Constitution was foisted on the Mexican people. The third suggests a means by which a veritable orgy of murder can be quickly and effectively brought to an end.

## *Four Articles of Mexico's Constitution*

ARTICLE 3: Instruction is free; that given in the public institutions of learning shall be non-sectarian. Primary instruction, whether higher or lower, given in private institutions shall likewise be non-sectarian. No religious corporation nor minister of any religious creed shall be permitted to establish or direct schools of primary instruction.

ARTICLE 24: Every religious act of public worship shall be performed strictly within the places of public worship, which shall be at all times under governmental supervision.

ARTICLE 27: The religious association known as churches, irrespective of creed, shall in no case have legal capacity to acquire, hold or administer real property or loans made on such property; all such real property or loans as may be at present held by the said religious associations either on their own behalf or through third parties, shall vest in the Nation, and anyone shall have the right to denounce property so held. Presumptive proof shall be sufficient to declare the

denunciation well-founded.

Places of public worship are the property of the Nation, as represented by the Federal Government, which shall determine which of them may continue to be devoted to their present purposes. Episcopal residences, rectories, seminaries, orphan asylums, or collegiate establishments of religious associations, convents or any other buildings built or designed for the administration, propaganda, or teaching the tenets of any religious sect shall forthwith vest, as of full right, directly in the Nation, to be used exclusively for the public services of the Federation or of the States, within their respective jurisdictions. All places of public worship which shall later be erected shall be the property of the Nation.

Public and private charitable institutions for the sick and needy, for scientific research, or for the diffusion of knowledge, mutual aid societies, or organizations formed for any other lawful purpose shall in no case acquire any but the real property indispensable for their own said pur-

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*Father Michael Augustine Pro of the Society of Jesus praying before facing Calles' firing squad in Mexico City. Without even the pretence of a trial he was condemned to death! Note the wooden targets for rifle practice. They symbolize conditions in Mexico!*

pose being directly destined to the same; they may notwithstanding acquire, hold and administer loans made on real property, unless the mortgage terms do not exceed ten years. In no case shall institutions of this character be under the patronage, direction, administration, charge or supervision of religious corporations, or institutions, nor of ministers of any religious sect or of their dependents, even though either the former or the latter shall not be in service.

**ARTICLE 130:** The Federal authorities have exclusive power to exercise in matters of religious worship and outward ecclesiastical forms, such intervention as by law authorized. The law recognizes no corporate existence in the religious associations known as churches.

Ministers of religious creeds shall be considered as persons exercising a profession and shall be directly subject to the laws enacted on the subject.

The State Legislatures shall have the exclusive power of determining the maximum number of ministers of religious creeds according to the needs of each locality.

Only a Mexican by birth may be a minister of any religious creed in Mexico.

No ministers of religious creeds shall either in public or private meetings, or in acts of worship or religious propaganda, criticize the fundamental laws of the country, the authorities in particular or the Government in general; they shall have no vote, nor be eligible to office, nor shall they be entitled to assemble for political purposes.

Before dedicating new temples of worship for public use, permission shall be obtained from the Department of the Interior; the opinion of the Governor of the respective State shall be previously heard on the subject. Every place of worship shall have a person charged with its care



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and maintenance, who shall be legally responsible for the faithful observances within the said place of worship, and for all the objects used for purposes of worship.

The caretaker of each place of public worship, together with ten citizens of the place, shall promptly advise the municipal authorities as to the person charged with the care of the said place of worship.

The outgoing minister shall in every instance give notice of any change, for which purpose he shall be accompanied by the incoming minister and ten other citizens of the place. The municipal authorities under penalty of dismissal and fine, not exceeding 1,000 pesos for each breach, shall be responsible for the exact performance of this provision; they shall keep a register of the places of worship and another of the caretakers thereof, subject to the same penalty as above provided. The municipal authorities shall likewise give notice to the Department of the Interior

through the intermediary of the State Governor of any permission to open to the public use a new place of worship, as well as of any change in the caretakers.

Gifts of personality may be received in the interior of places of public worship.

Under no conditions shall studies carried on in institutions devoted to the professional training of ministers of religious creeds be ratified or be granted any other dispensations of privilege which shall have for its purpose the ratification of the said studies in official institutions. Any authority violating this provision shall be punished criminally and all such dispensations of privilege be null and void, and shall invalidate wholly and entirely the professional degree toward the obtaining of which the infraction of this provision may in any way have contributed.

No periodical publication which either by reason of its program, its title or merely by its general tendencies, is of a religious character, shall



*Father Pro was executed at 11 o'clock on the morning of November 23, 1927. In the spirit of his Crucified Lord he opens wide his arms to receive the assault of his murderers!*

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*With Father Pro were murdered two young Catholic laymen. Photo shows a young engineer, Louis Segura Vilchis, courageously facing the firing squad. Note wall riddled with bullets from other executions. It would be difficult to estimate the number of these victims.*

comment upon any political affairs of the Nation, nor publish any information regarding the acts of the authorities of the country or of private individuals insofar as the latter have to do with public affairs.

Every kind of political association whose name shall bear any word or any indication relating to any religious belief is hereby strictly forbidden. No assemblies of any political character shall be held within places of public worship.

No minister of any religious creed may inherit either in his own behalf or by means of a trustee or otherwise, any real property occupied by any association of religious propaganda or religious or charitable purposes. Ministers of religious creeds are incapable legally of inheriting by will from ministers of the same religious sect or from any private individual to whom they are not related by blood within the fourth degree.

All real and personal property pertaining to the

clergy or to religious institutions shall be governed, insofar as their acquisition by private parties is concerned, in conformity with Article 27 of this Constitution.

No trial by jury shall ever be granted for the infraction of any of the preceding provisions.

### *How the Constitution Was Put Over*

IN 1910 Porfirio Diaz, who had been practically the dictator of Mexico for over thirty years, was deposed by a revolutionary faction called the "Anti-reëlection Party" which was formed as a protest against the continued incumbency of Diaz in the office of the Presidency. This revolution was headed by Francisco I. Madero, who became President after Diaz had gone into exile. Madero held office for only a brief period, being assassinated by some of his own generals. Thereupon General Victoriano Huerta took the office

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but was later forced to flee. After his departure one of the factions opposed to Huerta, headed by General Carranza, seized the government and although it only controlled a comparatively small part of the country, set up a government with Carranza as the "First Chief of the Constitutional Army."

This "Constitutional Army" consisted of a few thousand bandits or rebels (the names are synonymous in Mexico) who after they had set up their government brought forth a proposed "constitution" and proceeded to have it "adopted." To insure its acceptance they first proclaimed that no one who had not assisted this "Constitutional Army" could be nominated for office and only those who favored its principles could vote upon the "Constitution." Both Generals Obregon and Calles were part of this army under Carranza. The arch bandit Villa was also a member.

This so-called "Constitutional Army" did not even fight under the national flag of Mexico but its standard was a "red" banner of communism inscribed with the words "Casa del Obrero Mundial," which translated into English means the "Home of the Workers of the World." This Mexican organization was an off-shoot of the

"Industrial Workers of the World," the celebrated I. W. W.

Under these conditions the so-called "Constitution of 1917" which has brought so much persecution and bloodshed to Mexico, was conceived and brought forth on February 5, 1917, at Queretaro. They not only embodied in this new constitution all the objectionable provisions of previous constitutions, which, too, had been forced upon the Mexican people by its series of dictators—provisions which were never enforced however—but added many new "red" doctrines which they felt would surely result in the extermination of the Christian faith in Mexico.

However, notwithstanding the radical complexion of the Carranza Government, it did not have the audacity to enforce the new Queretaro constitution of 1917 because it knew such enforcement would bring about a revolution of the people. In fact, Carranza himself felt that they were entirely too radical and "stalled" as it were in enforcing them. He had only included them in the constitution to win over the extreme communists who had control of Vera Cruz and Yucatan. His neglect to enforce them, however, led to his own assassination by this same radical



*This close-up photo shows Louis Segura Vilchis about to fall. Father Pro was murdered first. Note the body of this saintly priest and heroic martyr to the right of picture.*

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group. After his death General Obregon took command of the situation, and arranged that General de la Huerta should be provisional president until he could have himself "legally" take the office, which he did very shortly thereafter. During de la Huerta's short administration and the four years of Obregon, the objectionable provisions of the constitution were not enforced. However, in 1926 General Calles, whom General Obregon had arranged to succeed him, decided that he was strong enough to attempt their enforcement. He issued the so-called "regulations,"

financial support for religion can be solicited or received outside the churches, which are the property of the nation; no loan can be secured on property used for religious purpose; no clergyman may recommend a religious career for a young man or woman under 18 years of age—even parents may not promote a desire for such a career without violating the law; clergymen cannot vote; they cannot criticize in any way the laws of the country or the rulers who have enslaved them; they cannot conduct charitable institutions such as hospitals, homes for orphans,



*Five Catholic men, all young, murdered on January 3, 1927, at Leon, Guanajuato, Mexico. Left to right: Messrs. Arriero, Gallardo, Vergas, Navarro and Gomez. Professor Gallardo's tongue was gripped out while praying just before he was shot!*

which took effect on July 1st of that year.

IT is now impossible for a church to possess property in Mexico; it cannot own rectories, schools, seminaries, homes for teachers or students, or any buildings used for religious purposes; the clergy cannot teach in public or private schools; all schools must be secular; there can be no such thing as a private school teaching religion; the Churches cannot have the number of clergymen they require because the matter is regulated by State officials, who decide the number needed (one official has decided that one clergyman is sufficient for 200,000 people); no

for the poor, for the blind, for the aged, colleges or schools for scientific research, etc.; they cannot lawfully organize religious societies for work outside the churches such as Ladies' Aid Societies, Men's clubs, Boys' organizations, etc.; clergymen must be licensed by the State and can be refused permission to officiate if the State officials feel that enough clergymen are already functioning. (In Tabasco the "Red" legislature has decreed that all clergymen must marry and has driven out all of them.) All foreign clergymen must give up their professions or go into exile; only native Mexicans can be clergymen



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and when ordained they lose all citizenship rights; religious services cannot be held lawfully in homes; no groups of men or women may meet in private places for any purpose in any way connected with religious observances; they may not meet as religious bodies to care for the sick, the poor, etc.; they may not teach religion to children in private homes; they may not distribute pamphlets of a religious character on the streets, or in their homes; they may not assemble to dedicate in homes or private places statues of religious heroes or saints; they may not display in a schoolroom or public place any picture or emblem pertaining to religion; clergymen cannot lawfully administer the sacraments of baptism, marriage, etc., outside of the church buildings; clergymen may not wear in public, clothing, medals or emblems which may denote their calling; they cannot officiate in any way at public gatherings; the possession of any religious emblem in public or in private has been held to constitute one a "religious rebel" and subject to arrest, fine or imprisonment.

In fact, churches cannot perform those functions or possess those necessities which in the very nature of their organizations they must have and control in order to exist. These regulations apply to all churches—Protestant, Catholic, Hebrew, etc. The whole purpose of the Government is to blot out all religion as in Russia.

As a consequence, 15,000,000 people in Mexico are being denied religious services—over 20,000 church buildings are without pastors—thousands of educational institutions formerly owned and operated by the Church have been closed and the religious driven out into the streets; hospitals, homes for the sick, the aged, etc., have been put to other uses and the patients scattered far and wide, without medical aid or attention; thousands of clergymen have been driven into hiding in private homes, in the mountains, or have been

captured and placed in jails and dungeons; whole towns have been razed in order to "annihilate" the "religious fanatics" (the words the Mexican President uses); thousands of children have been arrested because their parents have insisted upon giving them religious instruction in secret; thousands of men, women and children have been mowed down with machine guns because of their assembling to gain redress from an autocratic government; zealous young Christian men and women who have distributed pamphlets of a religious character have been arrested and put into jail—many have faced the firing squad which is in operation night and day throughout the country; hundreds of clergymen have been arrested, subject to inhuman indignities and shot; priests, bishops, and archbishops are roving the mountains endeavoring to escape from the firing squad of infuriated "reds"; the whole country is in turmoil because the people are insisting that they shall have the right to practise their religion. Services are being held in secret, in caves, in private homes, and on the mountain sides. The whole nation is in terror. Economic ruin and starvation are widespread. It is estimated that nearly 250,000 Mexicans crossed over to the United States in 1927 to escape this persecution, which in itself has created acute conditions in the Southwest. Every day the newspapers of the United States carry official news dispatches from the government in Mexico boasting of the continuance of these terrible persecutions. It is also sending broadcast photographs taken of these outrages on innocent men, women and children in order to prove its severity and control of the situation. The blood of martyrs for the Christian faith is flowing freely in Mexico. Never since the early days of Christianity have the people of an entire nation been denied the right to practice the Christian religion—have been hunted as they are in Mexico today.

## *Lying Propaganda Flooding the Country*

**F**ALSE AND indecent propaganda is pouring forth from the Mexican government in its attempt to justify its position before the world. The United States has been flooded with this propaganda. Lecturers, social workers, professional uplifters, pseudo-statesmen and others, all on the payroll of the Mexican Government or supported by misinformed or anti-American organizations have been part of the great conspiracy. The radio is being used extensively to set forth "good will hours." The Mexican Government, through its

Consular offices in the United States has endeavored to set Catholics against Protestants, Jews against Gentiles, even Democrats against Republicans, in its diabolical attempts to becloud the issue in Mexico. It has blocked President Coolidge in his efforts to secure financial reparation for the lives of over 500 Americans who have been murdered in Mexico during the last fifteen years by bandit forces and in his desires to protect American property rights in Mexico, Nicaragua and elsewhere. It has done every-

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thing it could to "fool" the American people as to the real situation in Mexico, hoping in the meantime to put its bolshevistic government into a stronger position, prior to making real inroads into the political and economic life of the people of the United States. It has also deceived the press of America by censoring all dispatches from Mexico and by dismissing all newspaper men who have endeavored to set forth the facts. Its close alliance with the Russian Reds is unquestioned.

Many of its members have been in Russia and have been openly active in spreading bolshevistic propaganda. The most conclusive evidence of its character—evidence which is irrefutable—is the fact that every "red" organization and every communistic publication, not only in the United States, but throughout the world, is supporting its "constitution" and its actions. "By their friends ye shall know them."

### *The Plain Duty of Americans towards Mexico*

THIS ORGY of persecution and murder which is shocking the entire world can be brought to an end quickly. The present "red" government in Mexico is sustained in power against the wishes of practically the entire population of Mexico by reason of the fact that the United States officially recognized it before its true nature was known. This action has brought about the virtual helplessness of the Mexican people. If this recognition is withdrawn, they will soon bring about peace by choosing responsible leaders for their government, who will cooperate in every way with the American people and remove all the sources of friction that now exist between the two governments. The Mexican people want a new constitution patterned after that of the United States where civil and religious freedom is guaranteed and the rights of private property fully recognized. They want to live in peace, security and in friendship with the American people, with whom their destiny is forever linked. They want a civilian government hereafter—they are tired of being ruled by bandits who pose as army generals and statesmen.

The task set before every American is plain.

They all prize the civil and religious liberties guaranteed to them under our Constitution. Surely they will want to assist the Christian people of Mexico in achieving similar right. Therefore they should take every opportunity to acquaint their friends and neighbors with the facts. They should especially call their attention to the laws on religion quoted above and ask them if any red-blooded American would accept similar provisions being placed in our Constitution. They should get in touch with the editors of their local newspapers and give them light on the situation. They should make it a point to write a protest against the use of the columns of the papers or of the broadcasting stations in spreading lying propaganda about Mexico. They should be present at every so-called "Lecture on Mexico" given by individuals sent out by the Mexican Government, and ask pointed questions regarding the religious situation and the terrible persecutions going on. The least they can do is to write to President Coolidge and also their representatives in Congress urging that the official recognition given the present Mexican Government be withdrawn forthwith.

## THE TRUTH ABOUT MEXICO

**W**ILL YOU help to enlighten the American public about the unholy persecution of Catholics now raging in Mexico?

**Y**OU CAN help by giving wider circulation to a pamphlet made up of two articles, "The Mexican Gang" and "At Mexican Headquarters," written from first-hand knowledge by the famous correspondent, Mr. Francis McCullagh.

Single copy, 10c; \$5.00 for 100; \$35.00 for 1,000.

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**Address: THE SIGN, MONASTERY PLACE, UNION CITY, N. J.**

# Lawrence of the Virgin Mary

## *An Intimate Sketch of a Passionist Lay-Brother*

ON DECEMBER 12, 1927, By DOMINIC CALLAHAN, C.P. he could do at home save witness the Angel of Death the disintegration of his people visited our Retreat of the Immaculate and country; and so, paradoxical as it sounds, he Conception, Norwood Park, Chicago, left his own because he loved them.

Ill., claiming the life of one of our oldest, best loved, and most saintly religious. When he passed to his eternal reward, "full of years," dear old Brother Lawrence was the patriarch of all American Passionists in point of age and had only one senior in point of service.

His death, peaceful and holy, closed a life of religious service that had extended over more than a half century—a life that had been one long uninterrupted term of fidelity to the duties of his state of life, a life that was intelligent and cheerful and kind, just such a life as would explain perfectly why Brother Lawrence was loved by every member of our province and respected by all who knew him.

Born on February 13, 1841, in Ballacoolen, Queens County, Ireland, of Michael and Margaret Dowling, Brother Lawrence of the Virgin Mary, then Michael Dowling, came to this country in 1866, seeking, like many an emigrant before him, in this land of promise, opportunities denied him in his native land. His quest, however, was not a selfish one. The first-born of seven, he felt it was his duty to provide for the needs and comforts of aging parents and younger brothers and sisters. There was little

On his arrival in America, he went immediately to Cincinnati, Ohio, where, through the influence of friends, he found employment. Two years later, he invited his entire family to come and take possession of a home which he had purchased and furnished. Happy in the reunion with those he loved, he remained in their midst for four years, lending a helping, guiding hand to his younger brothers and sisters, making doubly sure that the needs of his aging parents would be provided for. Once sure that he had fulfilled his duties as a son and brother, he turned all his attention to the "one thing necessary"—the care of his own soul.

HAVING made the acquaintance of our saintly Father Guido, shortly after his arrival in Cincinnati, Brother Lawrence had cultivated his friendship during the six years of his residence there; and it was only a natural result that he learned to love the Order. When

his thoughts turned from the world to the cloister, it was to "the monastery on the hill" that he directed his steps. Entering our novitiate in Pittsburgh, he was in due time vested with the holy habit, and professed his vows March 16, 1874.

THOUGH this biographical sketch was originally intended solely for private circulation in Passionist communities and Brothers, still by reason of its power to edify all and its special appeal to a certain class of good Catholic young men we joyfully share it with the readers of THE SIGN.

Up and down the country there are hundreds of Catholic boys and young men who for one reason or another do not feel themselves called to the priesthood, and yet they crave for a life of closer union with God and more efficient spiritual usefulness to their fellow-men. What a happy hour it is for them when they come to know and realize that God is lovingly inviting them to be Lay-Brothers in a religious order! As Brothers they may become Religious in the truest sense of the word; they may bid an eternal farewell to the follies and dangers of the world, they may lead a life of prayer and piety and at the same time advance the cause of the Church by the invaluable assistance they render to God's priests who go forth to preach the Gospel and administer the sacraments. It can be justly said that after the priesthood there is no life more holy, more sweet, more secure or more fruitful in good works. Brother Laurence Dowling, in this sketch, so fascinating because it is so true, is luminous proof of what we say.



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When Brother Lawrence came into the house of God, he sought a humble lot and a lowly place, sought it sincerely and honestly, literally following the counsel of his Master to "seek the lowest place." And we confidently trust that when, as he lay dying, he heard the words of the same Divine Master summoning him out of this world, he listened to the promised: "Friend, come up higher."

THE ENTIRE life of this saintly religious might be written in the single sentence: "He kept the holy rule." Day after day, week after week, month after month, for more than fifty-three years, this simple, humble man of God kept his rule. Regulations, customs, the horarium, all were exactly reproduced every twenty-four hours in each industrious day of labor and prayer in the life of this gentle, faithful, cheerful religious.

Were one to single out for special mention the virtues most conspicuous in his life, his fidelity to the law of labor and his spirit of prayer would claim first choice. Brother Lawrence hated the name and idleness though his own life never knew its meaning. No one ever saw him idle. No superior ever found cause to reprimand him for shirking his share of labor or neglecting his manual office. If his own assigned tasks did not take up all his time, he busied himself helping those who had more to do than he. Nor was he of the class that learn to do but one kind of work, and refuse to be further educated or otherwise employed. He skilled himself as best he could in every branch, and did cheerfully whatever he was told. Even after the infirmities of old age had sapped his physical strength to such an extent that he could scarcely walk, making it impossible for him to do his accustomed work as gardener and engineer, he daily helped in the kitchen—not under orders but at his own request. It was more than edifying to see the venerable old man seated beside the kitchen table peeling potatoes or paring fruit, rendering whatever assistance his strength would permit to the Brother in charge.

In his love for prayer, he equalled the holiest men our Order has produced. It is not in the power of the writer of this sketch to describe Brother's spirit of prayer. Our Holy Founder is responsible for the statement: "They who live in the presence of God pray twenty-four hours a day." And all those that have known Brother Lawrence will vouch for the truth of the claim that he lived constantly in the presence of God.

St. Paul of the Cross would have called this faithful son of his a man of prayer; and after God's own approval we can ask for no higher praise.

During his last few days on earth, while he lay in a semi-coma on his bed of pain, unmindful of the things or people of this world, Brother Lawrence proved by his conduct how strong was the habit of prayer within him. Only those who were fortunate to witness the touching death-bed incidents that accomplished his last days can know how eloquently they told of his love for the holy rosary. All unmindful as he was, that watchers stood by, the dear old man would count with stiffening fingers imaginary beads, would make the gesture of kissing the cross, would raise an imaginary rosary up close to his eyes to see what decade or bead came next, would go through the motion of putting aside one chaplet to take up another; thus day after day, night after night, he prayed. While his body slept, his soul watched. The mere simple telling of the thing is touching enough, but the actual sight of it was infinitely more impressive.

This sketch, if further drawn out, will develop into a book; and a book might well be written, did it fittingly tell the life story of this saintly man. But let us sum up his history by saying again that he kept the rule, kept it entirely, in every detail. He lived it because he loved it. In prayer he breathed in the spirit of the Order, as St. Paul explained it. In his external conduct he exhaled the perfume of its sanctity. So he lived, so he grew old, so he died. Thank God, his was not the fate of so many priests and religious that outlive not only their time but its ideas and ideals, and somehow or other find no point of contact with the generation that comes after them. Earth holds no sharper or more tragic loneliness; the bitterness of exile, the anguish of friendliness are in it. And yet it is the lot of some. Brother Lawrence's sweet spirit of charity, his humble, simple, docile, cheerful disposition made such a fate unlikely. The love of his brethren for him made it absolutely impossible. He cherished the memory of his departed comrades and seniors while he loved the younger brethren with whom he lived—loved them for he felt that the deposit of the regular observance was as safe in their hands as it was in the care of those of his own generation.

AND THEY in turn loved him with a love that is given but to few. Ample proof of this was furnished in the solicitude with which they cared for him during his illness, in the holy envy



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with which they vied with one another for the opportunity to wait on him or watch beside his bed at night. Their silent grief and sorrow at his death gave mute but eloquent testimony to the depth of their love for him, the strength of their attachment to him. And they bore him to his final resting place with a true reverence, born not of the fear of death but of affection that was real and will be lasting.

THE STORY of his sickness and death can be briefly told. Sickness in the form of disease Brother Lawrence never experienced during all his long life. The infirmities of old age began to take their toll when he reached the age of eighty; evidence of which was manifest in his slowing gait and the difficulty with which he climbed stairs, knelt or genuflected. Next it became all but impossible for him to go about at all, save to chapel and refectory. And to his everlasting honor be it said that the last time he left his room, it was to visit the Blessed Sacrament in the downstairs chapel.

While tottering about his room early one morning, he fell and fractured his left hip. The fall and consequent injury with the accompanying pain quickly used up what little strength was left to him. Within a few days pneumonia and uremic

poisoning set in, and on December 12th at three-thirty in the afternoon, he peacefully breathed his last, fortified by all the rites of Holy Mother Church, comforted by the presence of his brethren, strengthened by their prayers, dying the death of a saint having lived the life of one in our midst for more than half a century.

HERE IS an unwonted, and in a way unwelcome quiet within these monastery walls since the sound of the shuffle of his aged weary feet has died away within them. Because of our numbers and our manner of life, few absent ones seem really to be missed. True, we cherish the memories of our dear departed, but seldom appear to notice their absence when they are gone, as though we were unconscious of their presence when they were here. Another fills their vacant place; their work is done as before; there is no empty chair, no silent, deserted room to remind us of their going, and they are not missed. But it shall not be so with Brother Lawrence. By his gentle, simple, kind disposition, through his love for the Order and its members, he worked his way deeply into the hearts of his fellow religious as a man seldom does into the hearts of men. His memory is enshrined in these same hearts and he shall be really and truly missed, at least for a generation.

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## Judas

By ANGELA AIKEN

Christ loved you once—when you were true to Him—  
Who, Truth itself, regarded you with eyes  
That saw a wealth of goodness in your soul.  
He gave to you His purse, but you—unwise—

Began to steal, oh money-loving fool!  
You read reproof in His kindly Face;  
But heeded not and, weaker, baser grew,  
Until you spurned His love and lost His grace.

You sold the God Who made you, till at last,  
Deceived by Satan's wiles, whose cursed art  
Did hide from you the awful, damning guilt  
That drove you to despair and broke Christ's Heart!

# Categorica: *As Set Forth in News and Opinions*

## "WOSES"

To *The Scranton Light* goes our thanks for the pleasure we found in reading the following verses:

Now, at the dawn of spring's floral tide,  
Her baby-heart will be satisfied;  
Each flower soon she will soon decide  
Is "Woses".

There are "Woses" here and "Woses" there,  
Though jonquils gay and orchids rare;  
Just wait a moment and she'll declare  
"Em's Woses."

When the dandelion's golden crown  
Comes rollicking forth all over town,  
She'll tell you, knowingly pointing down;  
"Em's Woses."

She doesn't care much for candy shops,  
For hide-and-go seek or hippity hops,  
But hand her a bunch of celery tops  
"It's Woses."

She finds delight in tulips gay  
In the florist's shop across the way,  
You don't have to ask—she'll wisely say;  
"Em's Woses."

The wallpaper's buds are "Woses" sweet,  
They grow in the rugs beneath her feet,  
The huckster's carrots, out in the street,  
Are "Woses."

What a wonder-world this world would be  
If the grown-up eyes of you and me,  
Saw only the things that children see—  
Just "Woses."

## BILLIONAREA

Park Avenue, New York, has become the residential successor of Fifth Avenue. "Billionarea" the tradesmen call it, and billionarea it is—smart, exclusive, shining with gold. Food alone of this street is listed conservatively at \$20,000,000 yearly. We glean these and many other interesting facts about this famous thoroughfare from Clara Belle Thompson's account in the *Ladies Home Journal*, meditating the while of what great things could be done on the missions with the scraps that fall from the rich men's tables.

Living comes high. A nice luncheon at one of the small, smart hotels that the avenue patronizes almost as often as it does its homes, can be served at \$15 a plate. However, an adequate one may be managed at \$7. A hostess will give about 14 such luncheons in the course of the season and have guests varying in number from 6 to 18. Flowers and table decoration will add from \$40 to \$100 more.

Dinners, of course, come about twice as high; though a real dinner party may cost almost any amount.

A gentleman recently announced his daughter's engagement and entertained for 50 of her friends. He transformed a hotel suite into a Chinese garden with the aid of an artist decorator and \$15,000 worth of flowers. The dinner, which cost just \$25 a plate, was carefully worked out. There were caviar a la russe with pancakes and whipped cream, green-turtle soup, imported English turbot, duckling with Madeira sauce and asparagus with oranges, mousse of cold ham with romaine salad, peaches freshly brought from southern France, ice cream, cakes and coffee. After dinner three orchestras at a total cost of \$1800 provided dance music until 12:30, when a retinue of Chinese cooks slipped in and served a real Chinese supper at \$5 per supper. Then arrived 15 Broadway stars (\$6000 worth, to be accurate) who stayed to a man until the five o'clock breakfast. This proved to be a simple English affair of fruit juices, kippered herring, bacon and eggs and muffins, and cost only \$3.50 a plate. At six o'clock, when the party concluded, a discriminating eye might have found the guests as wilted as flowers, but by that time there were no discriminating eyes. . . .

One apartment required over two years in the hands of a decorator, who spent five months in Europe collecting for it old rugs and furniture. She had been given carte blanche, yet it was with some trepidation that she presented a bill for a quarter of a million. One hour later, without a question, the account was settled!

## CRADLE PUPS

The following question was put to the editor of the *Christian Herald*. To the last sentence of his answer we shout a vociferous "Amen."

**Question:** "What do you think about women who carry dogs around? Should their time not be occupied to better advantage?"—Massachusetts.

**Answer:** I see no reason why a woman should not carry a dog around if she wants to. I am bound to say that I have found my heart going out in sympathy for husky chauffeurs in great cities leading small canines by gilded chains. But I am perfectly willing that pups should be carried. I have been guilty myself. I do hope, of course, fervently hope, that no pup will ever be allowed to take the place of a brown-eyed baby boy or a blue-eyed baby girl!

## POLITICAL VIEWS AND RELIGION

A correspondent has written to the editor of *G. K.'s Weekly*, complaining that his paper was too much identified with the theological convictions of its editor, and asking whether or not a Protestant could be a Distributist. To this question Chesterton gives a "vehement and even furious affirmative." Among other good things, he says:

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My country has reached a great religious crisis; in which I happen to believe that mine is the true religion. Anything I write must necessarily be marked with so momentous a belief; and anything that other people write ought equally to be marked with their beliefs. The more simply that situation is realized, the more frankly it is faced, the better for everybody. I do not propose to conceal my views about these things; and I do not ask any Protestant to conceal his. A man might be a Distributist and not share my sympathy with France; a man might be a Distributist and not share my allegiance to Rome. But it seems to me absurd that a political writer should be allowed to confess the lesser thing and not allowed to confess the greater. It seems ridiculous that I may say what I think about the momentary position of the Poles and not say what I think about the permanent position of the Pope. The truth is that the modern world would like to force upon us that very secrecy of which it falsely accuses us. In the old fiction the Jesuit hid in the cupboard: by the new fashion the Jesuit is locked up in the cupboard. It will be kept up till there are more people in the cupboard than in the room. So a man in my position is allowed to play about as a universal critic, so long as he will not embarrass anybody by mentioning his relations to a universal creed. When I first started this paper, I stated explicitly that I would have nothing to do with such nonsense. I said that the modern world was meaningless without its religious problem; and that I did not propose to conceal my own solution of that problem.

### SCANDAL AND GOSSIP

*The Churchman* of New York prints the following verses by Countee Cullen describing graphically the machinations of these scurrilous sisters, Scandal and Gossip:

Scandal is a stately lady,  
Whispers when she talks;  
Waves of innuendo  
Ripple where she walks;

Speaking with a lifted shoulder,  
Flicker with a lash,  
Scorning words as dangerous,  
She is never rash.

Gossip is a giddy girl  
Running here and there,  
Showing all the neighborhood  
What she has to wear.

Gossip babbles like a brook,  
Rages like a flood,  
Chews her placid hearsays  
As a cow her cud.

Scandal hobnobs with the rich  
Over purple wine;  
Gossip has the vagabonds  
In to chat and dine.

Scandal never visits us;  
We are far too poor;  
Gossip never missed a day  
Knocking at our door.

### A GOOD SHEPHERD

Hidden away in the financial pages of the *Herald Tribune* (New York), which on that day waxed lyrical over "the biggest day that Wall Street had ever known", is this account of a merchant seeking and finding a "pearl of great price."

BADDECK, N. S., March 12.—A journey of sixty miles through forests deep in snow, with the temperature around zero, was not too much of a hardship for the Rev. Angus McNeil when the call came for him to administer the last rites to a dying man.

Father McNeil, assistant parish priest at Chetivcamp, received word that a woodsman was dying at the most distant and inaccessible of the workings of a paper company here and that he desired to see a priest. Three relays of guides led the young priest over the three score miles of almost unbroken snow, most of the journey being made on snowshoes. He reached the side of the sick man and remained with him until his death two days later.

The return journey was no less arduous, but was accomplished with only a few frost bites to remain as reminders of his hazardous journey.

### THE EXTERN

In the March number of *The Century Magazine*, Charles Robinson tells of some of his experiences as an extern, working among the poor people of the Boston slums. Among the many interesting things he writes, is the simple story of the cheerful self-sacrifice and mother-love of Mrs. Delehanty:

One morning at daybreak, when on my way back to the Clinic, I saw a familiar figure walking through the morning mist. She was carrying a bundle in her arms and crooning a strange Celtic lullaby. Oblivious to everything but the living warmth at her breast, she passed me; turning, I called her by name.

"Mrs. Delehanty," I said, "don't you remember me?"

"Why sure," said she, "it's the Doctor. How could I forget the doctor that brought me my little Willy. Here now, look at the darlin'." And she pulled the shawl away from Willy's pinched blue face. He looked like a hungry infant not yet three weeks old—which was just what he was.

I couldn't account for her five o'clock rambling. "Where've you been?" I asked her.

"Oh, working. I got a fine job for myself over in the city there. I scrub bank floors at night, so I can be with my kids in the daytime. But I have to feed Willy, so I take him with me, and lay him right on the president's own chair. He likes it—Willy does, I mean."

In the presence of this scrubwoman I felt suddenly and completely unimportant. "Well, take care of yourself, Mrs. Delehanty!" I said, realizing the inanity of my remarks. Apparently Mrs. Delehanty did not. She went on her way crooning softly, stopping every twenty paces to peep under her shawl and glory in the possession of Willy.

## CRICKET PUGILISTS

The *Scientific American* gives us an interesting article by Berthold Laufer on the fighting crickets of China. The Chinese, we are surprised to read, have for centuries greatly admired the cricket for its singing and fighting qualities. But hear Mr. Laufer:

In the course of many generations, the Chinese have developed a breed of fighting crickets. The good fighters are believed to be incarnations of great heroes of the past, and are treated like soldiers. Kia Se-Tao, a minister of state in the 13th century, wrote a full treatise on crickets. He says that "rearing crickets is like rearing soldiers." The best fighters are dubbed "generals" or "marshals" and seven varieties of them are distinguished. The good fighters, according to Chinese experts, are recognized by their loud chirping, their big heads and necks, long legs, and broad backs.

The "Generals" are attended with the utmost care and competence. The trainers, for instance, when they observe that the insects droop their tiny mustaches, know that they are too warm, and endeavor to maintain for them an even temperature free from all draughts. Smoke is supposed to be detrimental to their health, and the rooms in which they are kept must be perfectly free from it.

The experts also have a thorough understanding of their diseases, and have prescriptions at hand for their cure. If the crickets are sick from overeating, they are fed a kind of red insect. If sickness arises from cold, they get mosquitos; if from heat, shoots of green pea. A kind of butterfly known as "bamboo butterfly" is administered for difficulty in breathing.

The tournaments are for heavy-weight, middle and lightweight champions. The wranglers are always matched on equal terms according to size, weight, and color, and are carefully weighed on a tiny pair of scales at the opening of each contest. A silk cover is spread over a table on which are placed the pottery jars containing the warring crickets. The jar is the arena in which the prize fight is staged.

As a rule, the two adversaries facing each other will first endeavor to flee, but the thick walls of the bowl prevent this desertion. Now the referee who is called the "Director of the Battle" intervenes, announcing the contestants and reciting the history of their past performances, and spurs the two parties on to combat with a tickler.

The two opponents thus excited stretch out their antennae, which the Chinese designate "tweezers," and jump at each other's heads. The antennae or tentacles are their chief weapons. One of the belligerents will soon lose one of its horns, while the other may retort by tearing off one of the enemy's hind legs. The two combatants become more and more ferocious and fight each other mercilessly. The struggle usually ends in the death of one of them, and it occurs not infrequently that the more agile or stronger one pounces with its whole weight upon the body of its opponent, severing its head completely.

Cricket-fights in China have developed into a veritable passion. Bets are concluded, and large sums are wagered on the prospective champions. The stakes are in some cases very large, and at

single matches held in Canton are said to have sometimes aggregated \$100,000. It happens quite frequently that too ardent amateurs are completely ruined in the game.

Choice champions fetch prices up to \$100, the value of a good horse in China, and owners of famous crickets travel long distances to meet their competitors and match their champions. Some amateurs delight in raising them by the hundreds in the hope of producing the champion of the champions of the season, who is honored with the attribute of Grand Marshal.

The names of victorious champions are inscribed on an ivory tablet, sometimes in letters of gold, and these tablets like diplomas are religiously kept in the houses of the fortunate owners. On its death a conquering cricket is placed in a small silver coffin, and is solemnly buried. The owner of the champion believes that the honorable interment will bring him good luck and that excellent fighting crickets will be found in the following year in the neighborhood of the place where his favorite cricket lies buried.

## A SONNET

Spring is with us. The following sonnet by Dorothy Parker may serve as a model to the love-stricken swain.

Sweeter your laugh than trill of lark at dawn.  
As marble richly gleams, so shines your throat.  
The grace of you would shame the pale young fawn;  
Rather than walk, like silken down you float.  
Lighter your touch than fall of April rain;  
Cooler your cheek than petal washed with dew  
Whene'er you speak, all gladness and all pain  
Speak also, in the throbbing voice of you.

Like blossom on its stem is poised your head,  
Wrapped closely round about with fragrant bands.  
As roses' passionate hearts, your mouth is red;  
Like lilies in the wind, your long white hands.  
Brighter the glance of you than summer star;  
But, lady fair, how awful thick you are!

## CASUAL GRIEVERS

The Associated Press, says *The Outlook*, tells the story of a petition circulated for the recall of a certain Texas official:

When the names on the petition were checked over, it was discovered that among them was the name of his mother-in-law. There's no mother-in-law joke involved in the situation. The lady merely thought that she was signing a petition for lower taxes. Such indeed is the usual fate that is meted out to that valuable right protected by the First Amendment to the Constitution—the right to petition the Government for a redress of grievances. It explains the source of many of the petitions that are placed on the doorsteps of Congress.

We recall the comment which Theodore Roosevelt made on one such petition which was brought to his attention by its enthusiastic sponsor.

"Look at these names, Mr. President," the collector of the petition said.

"My dear fellow," replied Roosevelt, "I could get up a petition as long as that to have you hanged."



## The 4 A. *The American Association for the Advancement of Atheism, Inc.*

**A**T LAST, after waiting in painful suspense lo! these twenty centuries, the day has come! Armageddon is here! Christianity stands at the cross roads, hangs in the balance. Say it as you will, the Church is doomed, God is dethroned, Jesus Christ is a liar; truth is falsehood, history a sham, and all mankind are idiots. Why? The *enfant terrible*, in the person of Charles Smith of New York, armed with his tin sword and paper soldier cap has summoned his little playmates Woolsey Teller, Freeman Hopwood and others and proclaims there is no God! The Church shudders, priests hide themselves, philosophers and theologians run to cover while the faithful weep and quake.

What a terrible scene! Yet who can deny it? My authority for it is no less than the second annual report of The American Association for the Advancement of Atheism, Inc., better known as the 4 A. They have organized to liberate the world from the awful effects of religion. Say they, "Religion deserves no respect. It rests on the God-lie. We now know as well as we know anything, that there is no God." (p. 20.)

How vast, how unutterably comprehensive is their knowledge. With what a magnificent gesture of perfect poise and self-conceit do they make this grand assertion. In grandiose terms do they assert, but somehow they fail to prove! Perhaps it is a mere oversight—or perhaps no proof is required. Maybe! Do they really expect any sane person to take them seriously? Do they expect men to believe them, or are they merely bidding for the donations of a handful of the gullible Godless?

Unsupported assertion carries no weight in any court, nor with reasonable men. Every insane asylum boasts an inmate who claims he is Napoleon but no one pays heed. Because an occasional half-wit, or famous madman like Voltaire claims there is no God proves nothing, except perhaps that he IS insane.

We Catholics as rational beings are interested only in facts and principles. And the most compelling, most thoroughly proven fact and undeniable principle in all the universe is that God must and does exist. All mankind, the most savage aborigines, races of every color, from the tropics to the poles, from the prehistoric to the

modern, from the least tutored to the most brilliant intellects have all proclaimed, admitted and worshipped some Supreme Being. In a word, man is by his very nature a religious being. His heart bids him to adore; his mind confirms the bidding. And the greatest intellects of all time from the peerless Aristotle, and the gigantic Socrates of antiquity, through St. Thomas Aquinas, the greatest mind of the Christian era, down to our very day and hour, all have found in pure reasoning the first cause and last end of all things—God. Yet with a shrug of the shoulders and a wave of the hand these men dismiss the subject in most casual fashion.

When a man denies his Creator he violates his very reason. He blinds his eyes to the million proofs of God found everywhere in nature, contradicts the truths of history and makes of Jesus Christ a liar! But why, then, should we be concerned with such a one any more than with the fool who looks into a gun and pulls the trigger to see if it is loaded? Simply because they have declared open warfare upon us and our children; because they are spreading "Societies of the Godless," "Damned Souls" societies, etc., in the high schools and colleges; because they have already distributed 600,000 pieces of printed propaganda, because they are enemies of both God and country!

The limitations of space preclude a complete analysis of their report. We can, however, very briefly consider the principles they proclaim. I say briefly, advisedly, because thousands of volumes have already been written dealing with these principles. Their fundamentals of Atheism are:

1. MATERIALISM. "The doctrine that Matter with its indwelling property Force, constitutes the reality of the universe." Aristotle denied and disproved this false assertion in the fourth century B.C. Perhaps the learned gentlemen of the 4 A never heard of him. This theory has been exploded a thousand times. Do they not know that a body cannot set itself in motion; that it can produce no force; that it must be impelled by another? Man has free will, he can determine whether to move himself or not, therefore his higher intellectual faculties are not bound

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by the laws of matter. He must therefore have within him an immaterial or spiritual force, that is, a soul.

THE BODY, minus the soul, is matter. No force, no science can infuse life into a dead body. Why? Only the soul can do that because the soul IS the life giving principle. An atheistic medical professor in dissecting a corpse remarked to his class "Gentlemen, you see we find no soul here." To which a Catholic student replied, "No sir, that is why the man is dead."

2. *Sensationalism.* "The doctrine that all ideas arise out of sensation [or feeling]." What could be simpler! A world of thought briefly stated, but again a bald unproved assertion. May I submit, that matter alone cannot conceive of the immaterial. Did anyone ever feel, touch, hear, taste or smell such things as honor, love, an ideal, purity, character, etc.? Mere physical sensation cannot comprehend or encompass such a thing as an abstract idea. Only a higher, spiritual faculty, the soul of man, can do so.

3. *Evolution.* "The doctrine that organisms are not designed but have evolved mechanically, through natural selection." Elsewhere they tell us bluntly that "men are descended from monkeys." (p. 14.) How delightful it must be to be so sure of one's ground.

The fact however, is that such evolution is not even a theory; it is a hypothesis and a mighty poor one at that. There is not a shred of evidence to support such a claim. The greatest living biologists such as Wasmann, have disproved it conclusively. The Neanderthal man, the Pilt-down man, Pithecanthropus Erectus, the Java man—all have been discarded as worthless "missing link" specimens. There is not a scintilla of evidence to support this hypothesis. It is but another case of mere assertion and is just as "scientific" and valuable as a child's claim that "the moon is made of green cheese."

4. *Existence of Evil.* "The patent fact that renders irrational the belief in a beneficent, omnipotent being who cares for man." Simple, isn't it? Because children fall and scrape their little pink knees, because men have worries, sickness and troubles, therefore there is no God. How convincing! Just another sample of their blatant assertions reeking with vain conceit. Since they cannot explain such things perhaps they can explain themselves. If so, they are the only men who ever lived able to do so. The world and this life are full of mysteries, things we cannot understand. Man is in many ways a mystery to him-

self, with his evil inclinations running counter to his ideals; the constant strife going on within his breast. It is indeed quite incomprehensible that men of such gigantic intellects as the 4 A display should not be able to explain anything. But since they cannot fathom the infinite mind of Omniscience Itself, there is no God! Such unspeakable drivel is nauseating.

5. *Hedonism.* "The doctrine that happiness here and now should be the motive of conduct." And why not, if one be an Atheist? If there be no hereafter why should one deny himself any pleasure here? If there be no right or wrong, why restrain one's appetites in any direction? If there be no God there is no Law-giver. If there be no Law-giver there is no law. If there be no law nothing remains but chaos, anarchy, Bolshevism! And as Bolshevism is the direct result of Atheism in Russia so will it be our lot if this cancer in our body politic grows and spreads.

Does the 4 A believe in history? Do they believe in the lives of Caesar, Livy, Cato? The Bible is the most perfectly authenticated volume of ancient documents in existence. If we take the Bible purely as a history it proves beyond cavil that Jesus Christ was born of a virgin mother, raised the dead to life, healed the sick, performed acts of direct creation in multiplying the loaves and fishes—in a word that He did what only an Omnipotent Being, God Himself, could do. That He must necessarily, therefore, have been Divine. Furthermore, He raised Himself from the dead as a final, incontrovertible proof of His divinity.

What then of Christ? Who do men say He is? To be logical the 4 A must admit His claims and His divinity or throw overboard all history and all proven fact. And yet they seem to think they can ignore facts and still convince men of their mission.

THE 4 A is a moral cancer and as such is an ever present danger to our country and its institutions. Denying God and His law and violating reason itself they advocate the most abominable doctrines. Birth control, the secularization of marriage, the granting of divorce upon request are openly approved and preached. They strike at the family, the very unit upon which the fabric of society is erected. The general adoption of their proposals would destroy the family and its destruction would spell the end of civilized society.

And yet they prate and prattle of their Americanism. Their proposals are un-American! They

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directly oppose the principles on which our nation was built. Perhaps in their blind conceit they consider themselves better Americans than the Father of our Country. Washington stated, "It were folly to expect that national morality can prevail in the exclusion of religious principle."

IN ONE of our noblest heritages, his Gettysburg address, Lincoln uttered a genuine prayer "That this nation, *under God*, may have a new birth of freedom . . ." Roosevelt, the stalwart, denounced the wilful limitation of families as a crime and un-American. And in a recent address, President Coolidge proclaimed the need of a return to religion and religious principles of life and conduct.

Are not Washington, Lincoln, Roosevelt and

Coolidge excellent types of true Americans—all of them religious men, firm believers in God and His moral code? Whom are we to follow and believe, they or Smith-Teller-Hopwood and their ilk? We deported many in the last decade for spreading pernicious doctrines aiming at the destruction of our institutions. But this is exactly what the 4 A, consciously or otherwise is attempting.

\* \* \* \* \*

In all Christian charity we should hold no personal animus for them as individuals. But as we love our God, cherish our Faith, and desire to protect and provide for our children's welfare both here and hereafter we must not, we cannot give them any quarter. We must crush this serpent by every lawful means within our power.

## The Border

*Where the Irish Free State and Northern Ireland Divide*

IF THE "Border," as we dub the Customs' Cordon, which the politicians, in their wisdom, have drawn across the fair face of Ireland's most interesting province, has added to the inconvenience of life, both in the Free State and in "Northern Ireland," it has also contributed something to the gaiety of existence. Thus, we have the pathetic story of the woman who came out from Derry City to a Donegal fair with a basket of ginger bread for sale, and turned back at the Free State Customs' Post, when duty was demanded from her in respect of the sugar that it contained—only to find herself faced with a similar demand when she got back to the "Northern" Post. For the official there pointed out that, having put her foot across the line at all, she must now be held to be importing her ginger-bred men and horses back into Six Counties, which constitute the statelet ruled from Stormont Castle. "Rather than let either of the ruffians get the money," as she told me, "I jist sat down and ate the basketful!" She did this defiantly in the "No Man's Land" between the two frontier huts; and the consequences were too painful for me to harry the readers of this journal by their narration.

But however much incidents of this kind amused the rest of us, little Mrs. McFalone, that

By LOUIS J. WALSH

kept the boot-shop in Castle Street, never heard the "Border" mentioned but she lost her temper. It was a "contraption," she declared, "to provide jobs for a lot of playboys that couldn't earn as much at honest work as would buy buttermilk for their stirabout." I attempted once to argue the case for "Protection" with her, and even got the length of quoting John Stuart Mill on the development of "infant industries." But the irate widow would listen to no such "tomfoolery," as she called it.

"Likely," she remarked, "oul' Mill, whoever he was, had a ne'er-do-well of a son like Charlie McCutcheon, who never had money or marbles before, and now's a gentleman with his three pound a week as a Preventitive Man."

"It's no wonder the country's the way it is," she added. "I never had as poor a day as last market. The country people have no money left for good foot-wear or anything else, with paying taxes to keep up these full-bred new gentlemen of ours—full-bred raga-muffins I call them!"

Thus was she wont to storm every time she heard the words "Border" or "Customs." All the result that she could see from these institutions was that she had to pay three shillings in the pound on every consignment of boots she ordered, and was worried to desperation by de-

layed parcels and the necessity of signing what seemed to be endless forms. Her animosity against the Border and the rulers who had established it was only equalled by the violence of her feelings against Andrew McGlynn, Boot Merchant and General Draper, Main Street.

Mr. McGlynn had been a J. P. under the old régime, and was now a Peace Commissioner and a County Councillor; and Mrs. McFalone, irascible little woman that she was, went the length of suggesting that he was not above using his public appointments in order to increase the sale of what she was fond of describing as his "rotten boots."

"When he was on the Bench," I heard her say, "and the polis had you up for anything short of murder, you had a good chance of getting off for a penny and costs if your daughter bought a blouse in Andy's drapery store, where there was more shoddy in the same place than in any shop from here to Jerusalem, or if you walked into the court with a pair of his boots on you. And by the same token you wouldn't walk much further with them, for Andy's soles are all made of paper!"

When the Border, with its "protective" duties, was established, Mrs. McFalone at once made up her mind that her rival was smuggling. She had heard that a young Customs' Officer had been at a tea-party in McGlynn's, where his singing of comic songs had delighted all the other guests. But the widow knew that "big Andy" never entertained except with a purpose, and that he was after other things besides comic songs.

**F**URTHERMORE, why did the McCrackens of Windyhill, that had been dealing with her and her father before her, for an unbroken period of fifty years, leave her suddenly and begin to buy their foot-wear in Main Street? Mrs. McGlinchy, who was so fond of playing the part of the candid friend, and telling you with a great show of indignation some nasty remark that somebody has made about you and that you hated to hear repeated, tried to make Mrs. McFalone believe that the Windyhill family had transferred their account owing to a remark the widow had made about the eldest Miss McCracken's attempt to ensnare in the toils of matrimony the new minister at Brentagh. But Mrs. McGlinchy only said this for badness. It was obvious that Andrew, by his trickery, was evading some of the boot-duty, and so was in a position to offer his wares more cheaply than could be done in Castle Street. So it came to be the passion of Mrs. McFalone's life, amounting almost to an

obsession with her, to evade the Border regulations with one good scoop, and thus be in a position to put goods in her window at prices lower than those displayed by her pushful rival.

**M**RS. MCFALONE was fair, fat, and barely forty. She had no encumbrances of any kind, and the world knew about her thriving business, her substantial bank deposit, and the interest she always displayed in the rise and fall of Guinness Preference Stock. She had, therefore, all sorts and varieties of admirers from impecunious young men, who were anxious to get through life without having to do any more work than could be avoided, to experienced and prudent widowers, desirous of placing a masterful head over their flighty daughters, or, maybe, paying off overdrafts to annoying and impatient bank managers. But the widow was too much interested in pushing the sale of her boots and countering the machinations of "big Andy" to have much time for romance.

At the back of her head, or rather of her heart, she had, however, a sort of liking for Johnnie McRorty, the publican at the Corner. Johnnie was a solvent widower, with only one son, who was already doing for himself in the motor business. Like all men, in Mrs. McFalone's eyes, the publican had his limitations. He thought himself too clever, for one thing. He was a politician, being Deputy Vice-President of the local branch of Cumann na nGaedheal, which never met except at election times; and as his trade was not affected by any special duties, he was a firm believer in "Protection." He used to get on the widow's nerves, indeed, by his fondness for trotting out all the arguments in favor of the Free State's fiscal system which he read in the Government Press or heard at conventions of his organization. He was also a noted "fire-side lawyer," and for the price of a bottle of stout or a half-glass of whisky, you could have, in addition to the beverage, a lengthy consultation with him concerning any piece of litigation in which you had the misfortune to be involved.

Still Mrs. McFalone often made the admission: "Johnnie's not bad, if he was no conceity of himself!" With all his faults—well, if she did not love him, at least she liked him. Still she hesitated about sacrificing any bit of her precious freedom, and for a long time turned a deaf ear to all McRorty's pleadings that she would be well advised to amalgamate the public house at the corner with the boot-shop up the street. The owner of "The Cosy Corner Bar," as it was called



in letters of gold on the gable, was, however, a persistent wooer, and again and again renewed his solicitations.

One evening as they sat together, after closing time, in her little parlor behind the shop, the publican made an even more eloquent than usual plea for the acceptance of his proposal. She suddenly threw down her knitting and said:

"Look here, Johnnie! I'm getting tired of this, and I'll have to do something to get rid of you. I'll tell you what I'll do, then. If you help me to cheat those ruffians at the Border, and bring in a good order of boots that I can sell cheaper than big Andy's, I'll marry you. You're always boasting of your cleverness at law and one thing or another. So you can show your cleverness now, or you'll never put a ring on me."

"Done!" exclaimed McRorty. "I'll take you at your word!" "That settles my fate now," sighed the widow, as she sat alone for a few minutes gazing into the coals after the publican had left! "Johnnie's the only one I would ever think of marrying," she mused, "for he's not bad. But if he makes a mess of this, as he's sure to do—for he's like all the men, thinks himself clever and him only a wean at the heels of the hunt—I must stand by my word and send him about his business. Well, I suppose it's all for the best. There's nothing like being your own boss. But still I don't know!" And she concluded her soliloquy with a big, big sigh.

**A** WEEK later at Tooban Junction a smart young Customs' Officer held up for special examination several big boxes consigned to Mrs. McFalone as "old bags" and other non-dutiable articles. He was a clever fellow, this new officer. He could recite Section 186 of the Customs' Consolidation Act off by heart like a speech from Shakespeare, and he had read, in the original, a book by a Frenchman who had made a special study of contraband traders on the Swiss Frontier.

His suspicions on the present occasion were fully justified. For he found, when he probed the boxes, carefully packed beneath the bags and a quantity of straw, great quantities of new boots, tied together in pairs. He wrote a special report for the Commissioners of his discovery, made several valuable suggestions in it for the tightening of the Customs' regulations on the "Northern" frontier, and gave a detailed account of the psychological processes that had resulted in the suspicion under which he had acted.

The only unsatisfactory feature of the busi-

ness, from the official viewpoint, was that there was nobody who could be prosecuted. The goods had been consigned from Derry by a person outside the jurisdiction of Saorstát Éireann; and as a matter of fact the Railway Company did not know who the consignor was. As for Mrs. McFalone, she could not be connected with the offence in any way. She denied all knowledge of the goods and refused to claim them.

**S**O, FOLLOWING the usual procedure, there was nothing for the Customs' Authorities to do but to direct the seized goods to be sold by auction.

I hope that nobody will be uncharitable enough to suggest that when Mrs. McFalone told the Surveyor of Customs in the course of the long cross-examination to which he had subjected her the evening he called in her shop, that she knew nothing about the confiscated boots, she was telling an untruth.

She did know nothing for certain about the goods; but she had a shrewd suspicion. It was very likely Johnnie McRorty's attempt to fulfil the conditions required for the winning of her hand and house. But the clumsy way the thing was done confirmed her in her pet theory that "the men have no logic." "They all think themselves terribly clever, and they don't see further than their noses," she declared. It justified her refusal to allow one of the stupid sex to get anything to do with the management of her business.

"The silliness of Johnnie thinking he could fool them playboys at the Border by sticking a wheen of bags at the top of the boxes!" she exclaimed with scorn.

She showed little respect for the feelings of the owner of the "Cosy Corner Bar" when she saw him; but, on the contrary, kept taunting him for the mess he had made. But Johnnie would admit nothing and only whistled when she abused him for his clumsiness.

Several weeks passed, and after a long series of reports and minutes and examination of Customs' Codes, the seized goods were finally put up for auction at Bridge-End. Two or three shopkeepers from the district and a merchant from Derry attended on the occasion on the look-out for bargains. Johnnie McRorty, too, was there, and before the boots were put up, he said that he would like to get examining them. This request was, of course, acceded to, and the publican proceeded to sample the boxes. As he did so, what appeared to be a most surprised look gathered on

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his face. He took several pairs of boots from each box, and scrutinized them carefully. Then turning to the official who was in charge of the auction, he said:

"That bangs Banagher, and Banagher bangs the devil! Do you not see that all these boots are for the left feet. That's the oddest thing I ever saw! What sort of idiots sent out boots in pairs and each pair for the same foot?"

At once there was a general examination of the whole consignment, and Johnnie's diagnosis was found to be correct. What good were the boots to anybody since it might be impossible to get matches for them?

The shopkeepers and the Derry merchant turned away in disappointment and disgust, and to get rid of the useless bundle of left-foot boots they were, after some haggling, finally sold to "John McRorty, Spirit Merchant," for seven shillings and sixpence.

When the matter was fully reported to the Commissioners of Customs and Excise at Dublin Castle, the wonder of that august body was still further aroused by the report that a similar dénouement had taken place at the Frontier Post at Clones, in County Monaghan, on the following day. In that case, however, the boots offered for sale had turned out to be right ones, and they were acquired by an ex-policeman named Harrington for five shillings. The official records, however, do not disclose the fact that ex-Sergeant Harrington was married to Johnnie McRorty's only sister.

**D**OR WERE the Commissioners ever informed of the further fact that the left and right boots were, in course of time, happily re-united to adorn Mrs. McFalone's shelves and shop-windows, where they were displayed at prices that made Andrew McGlynn, P.C., M.C.C., green with envy. They succeeded, too, in winning back the McCrackens of Windyhill to their old allegiance.

The re-union of the said right and left boots proved to be the precursor and symbol of the uniting in holy matrimony of John McRorty of "The Cosy Bar" and Mrs. McFalone of Castle Street.

A happy, prosperous pair they make—although the good lady sometimes complains that she is "deaved listening to Johnnie bragging about how he cheated the rascals at the Border and got in a big consignment of the best boots for only twelve shillings and sixpence of duty."

Sometimes, however, she make the generous admission: "Right enough he deserves credit for

the way he done it, and he's clever enough in his own way, if he was not so conceity—like all the men!"

## *St. Brendan's of the Isle*

By J. CORSON MILLER

When the red minions of the dawn retreated  
Before the sun, that golden-armored chieftain,  
And the wheat glittered like the shields of Tafa,  
We blessed ourselves in the cool wind of morning,  
And came to that lone, sacred sentinel,  
Saint Brendan's, with its great cross high in  
stone,  
Set fearlessly against the Western Sea.

We were not kings, but the blackbirds gave welcome,  
Between rough tones of Brendan's storming bells;  
Our feet walked on grasses nurtured by saint-hood,  
And in the waters of the holy wells  
We dipped our hands; with sons of sons of the  
Gael,  
Where monks long since saluted the bright  
Heaven,  
We entered amid candles massed in amber.

Along the chancel, blossoming with emeralds,  
The ancient books were opened; the *Kyrie*  
climbed  
The very steps of the Throne to The Most High.  
The wine-cup swam in rubies; from the altar-nave  
The Lamp Perpetual, hung on golden chains,  
Spread chrismed rose, burning serenely on,  
Where Pagan fires once licked the savage sky-ways.

And we dreamed of the Lost Islands of Delight,  
In this land where herbs and holiness were one;  
And, partaking of the Bread of the Angels,  
We knelt in thanksgiving in the sun-tide,  
Each worshipper become a pillar of prayer,  
While soft as the rains in Connemara,  
The choir's silver flowed into misty stillness.

Saint Brendan's of the Isle—O He whose hands  
Made over us at noon a benediction,  
At night was our protection and our peace,  
As we dropped smoothly down the outer bay,  
Our boat seeking dimly in the distance  
That lone, sacred sentinel, confronting  
So gallantly the grim Western Sea.

THE SIGN POST is in a special sense our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer as clearly as possible any question relating to Catholic belief and practice, and publish all communications of more or less general interest. Please make your communications brief. The more questions, the better! As evidence of good faith, sign your name and address.

# THE SIGNPOST

QUESTIONS  
AND  
COMMUNICATIONS

No anonymous communications will be considered. Writers' names will not be printed, unless with their consent. Don't hesitate to send in your questions and comments. What interests you will very likely interest others, and will make this department more instructive and attractive. Please address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

## NUN OF KENMARE

(1) *Are the books of "The Nun of Kenmare" (M. F. Cusack) on the Index? (2) Did she return to the Church before her death? Where did she die?*—E. F., NEW YORK, N. Y.

(1) We are not aware that her book or books are on the Roman Index. In regard to reading matter which a person perceives is dangerous, each one's conscience must be the Index.

(2) She died in London, England. As far as we have been able to learn, it is uncertain whether or not she was reconciled to the Church before death.

## OUTSIDE THE PARISH

*A Catholic woman married outside her parish without permission of her pastor. She wished it to be kept quiet. The priest who married them was led to believe that she belonged to his parish. Did she commit mortal sin? Was the marriage sacrilegious?*—N. N.

The law prescribes that marriage shall be celebrated in the parish of the bride and not outside her parish without permission of her pastor. Circumstances, however, may arise which would permit a departure from this rule. Whether or not the woman was justified in acting as she did is not for us to say. The violation of the law regarding the place of marriage does not in itself affect the validity of the marriage.

## ILLNESS AND THE SACRAMENTS

*When a person is ill and confined to his home for a period of six or eight weeks, or even longer, although not seriously ill, what is the proper procedure regarding the reception of the Sacraments? Is it necessary that those in charge should see to it that a priest is brought in, and are they guilty of sin in neglecting to attend to this important matter?*—E. B., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Charity dictates that the pastor, or one of his assistants, should be informed of the illness of a member of the parish, if that illness is of some duration. This will give the priest an opportunity of administering the aids of religion. The obligation to convey this information to the priest is hardly grave, except when the illness is serious, or when the illness would prevent one from making his Easter duty, or when the sick person strongly desires to see him. Charity, however, does not weigh the gravity of obligations but endeavors to do good whenever it can.

## rites and marriage

(1) *If a woman who belongs to the Greek Church marries a man of the Latin Church, what church should the marriage take place in? (2) Can a Catholic belonging to the Greek rite change to the Latin rite?*—B. G., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

(1) The general rule for the celebration of marriage as applying to Roman Catholics of the Latin rite is that the wedding should take place in the parish of the bride. But when a woman of the Greek rite marries a man of the Latin rite the ceremony must be celebrated in the rite of the man and before his pastor and two witnesses, unless particular laws in this matter ordain otherwise.

(2) The law forbids a person to change from one Catholic rite to another without special permission of the Holy See. An exception, however, is made in favor of brides, who are privileged to adopt the rite of their husband. Thus, a woman of the Greek rite may change to the rite of her husband of the Latin rite. And if the marriage is dissolved, for instance, by death, she is allowed the further privilege of returning to her former rite, unless a special provision has been made to the contrary.

## CARING FOR LEPERS

*Is there a sisterhood in the United States devoted to the care of lepers. Do they volunteer for the work, and do they receive special training? If so, where?*—M. A., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The Daughters of Charity engage in this heroic work in the United States Leper Home, Carville, La. Write to the Mother Superior at that address for information.

## AN ILL-FOUNDED OPINION

*Is it true that any one dying in the Faith at Christmas time, having received in a holy manner and with perfect consciousness the Last Sacraments of the Church, will enter immediately into Heaven, and will celebrate Our Lord's Nativity with the Blessed? Is there any real foundation for such a thought, or is it used simply to console bereaved relatives?*—B. R., BROCKTON, MASS.

Revelation says nothing about such things. We are not acquainted with all the folklore of different countries, but we opine that the sentiments expressed in your question are based on such traditions. The best and surest grounds for hope in the speedy entrance of a deceased person into Heaven is a good life and a pious death, fortified for the final passage by the reception of the wonderful Sacraments.



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### EXORCISM: DOUAY BIBLE

(1) *Why does the Church exorcise salt and water at the blessing of holy water? Is it because they are evil?* (2) *On what ancient version does our modern Douay Bible rest, the Septuagint or the Hebrew?*—A. S. R., LOUISVILLE, KY.

(1) "Every creature of God is good," says St. Paul. Salt and water are exorcised in order to sanctify them by the word of God and prayer so as to make them fit vehicles of divine blessing.

(2) The Douay Bible is the authorized English translation of the official Latin version of the Sacred Scriptures called the Vulgate. The Vulgate is of course composed of both the Old and the New Testament. Your question refers only to the Old Testament. The Latin translation of the Old Testament as found in the Vulgate is based on the Septuagint, which was a Greek translation from the original Hebrew. The Vulgate is the work of that renowned Scripture scholar, St. Jerome. In translating he adhered for the most part to the Septuagint (the version used by Our Lord and the Apostles) but he did not neglect to draw from the original Hebrew versions.

### STATUS OF MARRIAGE CONTRACT

(1) *On what grounds does the Catholic Church grant a divorce in order to marry again. I refer to the Marborough and Marconi cases. I wish you would kindly give the reasons why the Church permitted Marconi to marry again.* (2) *How high does the Church regard the marriage between two Protestants? Is it common law, or higher? And between a Catholic and a Protestant who do not marry before a priest?* (3) *Why does the Catholic Church oblige a Catholic and a Protestant to marry before a priest if a marriage between two Protestants is all right in the eyes of God?*—F. B. G., SCRANTON, PA.

(1) On no grounds whatever. The Catholic Church, following the teaching of her Divine Founder, does not recognize divorce from a valid, consummated Christian marriage. She does allow, for grave reasons and with proper authorization, separation—or divorce in a wide sense—the bond of marriage remaining. The Vanderbilt-Marborough marriage was declared null and void from the beginning. There was no question of a divorce from the bond because a true bond never existed, in the judgment of the Rota. This was due to the fact that a true matrimonial consent was never given by Miss Vanderbilt, because of the impediment of fear. The Marconi-Fitzgerald union was declared null and void from the beginning because both parties wished to contract a dissoluble marriage—which is no marriage at all. An annulment is a declaration that a true marriage never existed; a divorce, in the popular estimation, means a rupture of the marriage bond. There is no such thing in the Church as a breaking of the bond of a valid, consummated Christian marriage.

(2) The Church regards the marriages of two baptized Protestants as a valid, sacramental marriage, with the same qualities of unity and indissolubility as those enjoyed by Catholic marriages. The Church declares that a marriage attempted by a Catholic

with anyone whatever before any person but a priest is no marriage.

(3) For the simple reason that Catholics are subject to the authority of the Church and must obey her laws; whereas Protestants are not subject to the Catholic form of marriage.

### MARRIAGE INDISSOLUBLE

*Is there any clause for a man to marry again who was married in the Catholic Church, and whose wife broke her vows, obtained a divorce, and married again? Is there any chance of ever receiving dispensation from the Holy Father to be married again by the priest?*—W. F., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

There is no lawful way, once a person has entered a valid, consummated Christian marriage. In the marriage service you swore to take your wife "until death do us part."

### MARCONI AGAIN

(1) *What was Marconi's reason for seeking an annulment of his first marriage?* (2) *Is his new wife a relative of the Pope? If so, in what degree?*—H. O'C., FRAMINGHAM, MASS.

(1) This question was answered above. (2) News to us! Where did you get your information?

### DOUBLE CEREMONY

*If a Catholic girl marries a Protestant man before a priest, and then goes before a minister, can she receive the sacraments?*—N. N., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The second ceremony before the minister, if done for the purpose of renewing the matrimonial consent as a religious service, is gravely forbidden under penalty of excommunication. Delinquent Catholics cannot receive the sacraments unless they repent and do penance. Possibly the girl in question has complied with the conditions laid down by the Church.

### MARRIAGES OUTSIDE THE CHURCH

*Will you let me know if at any time a Catholic who was married to a non-Catholic before a minister was considered married by the Church. My friend claims that before the year 1908 one could be married by a minister and still remain in the Catholic Church. I am a convert and never heard of such a thing.*—A. V. B., NEW YORK, N. Y.

It was always unlawful for Catholics in this country to marry before a minister. Such marriages were illicit, but valid, because of the fact that the Church Law regarding the celebration of marriage by Catholics before the priest was not duly enforced. The state of affairs was one of the reasons underlying the new marriage law of 1908, which prescribed that after Easter of the above year no marriage to which a Catholic was a party would be considered valid by the Church unless it was celebrated before a priest and at least two witnesses. At the same time marriage of Catholics before ministers and civil officials was forbidden under severe penalties. The marriages of Catholics contracted outside the Church, prior to Easter 1908, were considered valid, even though illicit.



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### VOCATIONAL BOOKLETS

*Some time ago you published the names of three books on vocations. Can you tell me the price and where I may procure them?*—D. Q., PITTSBURGH, PA.

"Shall I Be a Nun" and "What Shall I Be" may be procured from the America Press, 8th Avenue and 33rd Street, New York, N. Y. Price 10 cents each. "Girlhood's Highest Ideal" may be obtained from Benziger Bros., 45 Barclay Street, New York, N. Y. Price 25 cents.

### THE SAINTS

(1) *Please give a sketch of the life of St. Florian? When does his feast day occur?*—F. D., CINCINNATI, OHIO. (2) *Will you kindly give me a short account of St. Elidius?*—G. W., BROOKLYN, N. Y. (3) *Where can I get "The Life of St. Florence?" When does his feast day occur and the meaning of the name?*—F. T., BROOKLYN, N. Y. (4) *What are the feminine names of Vincent and Paschal?*—R. D., CHICAGO, ILL.

(1) St. Florian was born at Zeiselmauer, Lower Austria, about the year 190, A.D. He served as a captain in the Roman army and suffered death by drowning about the year 230, during the persecution of the Christians by the Emperor Diocletian. His remains are said to have been buried on the site of the present Augustian monastery at St. Florian, near Linz, but were afterward translated to Rome. About 1183, A.D., a portion of his relics were presented to King Casimir of Poland, and from that time St. Florian has been honored with special devotion in that country. He is represented as a warrior, holding in his hand a vessel from which he pours out flames. On this account his protection is often sought against fire. His feast day occurs on May 4th.

(2) As far as we know there is no St. Elidius. There is a St. Eligius, whose feast day falls on December 1st. He was born near Limoges, Belgium, in the year 588, A.D. He was a man of remarkable piety and ability. A worker in gold, King Clotaire II put him in charge of the mint. His delight was to make precious vessels for the altar during his spare time. He became bishop of Tournai. His death took place in 659, A.D.

(3) We do not know. Her feast day falls on June 20th. Florence means "blooming" or "flourishing."

(4) Vicentia and Paschalia might do.

### INTERIOR PEACE

(1) *How may one obtain interior peace? (2) In order to ruin a person's character is it necessary to have that thought in mind? (3) How are visits to the Crucifix and to the Blessed Mother made?*—B. L., NEW YORK, N. Y.

(1) If your unrest arises from unforgiven sin, make haste to cleanse your conscience by a good confession. This will procure you internal peace. "There is no joy above the joy of the heart, and a quiet and contented mind is like a continual feast." If your present condition is caused by worry over past sins already confessed, stand by the decision of your confessor. Obedience in many cases of spiritual

unrest is the means of cure. Paradoxically, many there are who are never happy unless they are miserable. If your unrest comes from suffering, unite yourself in spirit with Christ in His agony in the Garden of Gethsemane, and make His prayer your own: "Father, Thy will be done."

(2) If this question indicates the cause of your unrest and you have already mentioned it to your confessor, abide by his decision. Moral guilt is never contracted unless one knows what he is doing at the time. If what was said inadvertently causes injury to a person's character, then one must repair the damage as best one can; just as one who unconsciously starts a fire in another's house is obliged to put it out. (3) By kneeling before the Crucifix or the representation of the Mother of God and praying to them in the manner most convenient to yourself.

### ORDINATION: CHAPLET OF MERCY

(1) *Please explain the meaning of "Fore-ordination."* (2) *Where can I obtain leaflets of the Chaplet of Mercy. What is the price per 100?*—E. S., GILSONIA, PA.

(1) Your question is obscure. If you wish to know what "Ordination" means, it is easy to answer. Ordination, in ecclesiastical usage, is the ceremony in which a candidate is raised to any one of the various grades which make up the hierarchy of the Church. If you refer to "Pre-ordination" in reference to eternal salvation (more commonly called "Predestination") it is the Divine decree by which God wills that those who shall die in sin shall be punished, and those who die in His grace shall be rewarded.

(2) Write to the Academy of the Visitation, Cabanne Place, St. Louis, Mo.

### SCRIPTURAL QUESTIONS

(1) *Who was the couple in the Old Testament who was blessed with a child when they were far advanced in years? An angel appeared to the wife and announced what would come to pass, and also told her to abstain from alcoholic liquors in order that the child to be born might be filled with the Holy Ghost and save souls for God.*—W. J. B., CAMBRIDGE, MASS. (2) *Please give me the Catholic interpretation of Ecclesiastes, 3:21.* (3) *Where in the Bible can one find the Ten Commandments given as Moses received them on the stone tablets. There are references to Moses having given the tablets to the people, but they do not tell what was written on these tablets.*—L. R., ST. JOSEPH, MO.

(1) The incident you refer to concerns the miraculous birth of Samson, as narrated in the Book of Judges, chapter 31.

(2) The sense of the cogitation of Solomon, chapter 3; verses 18 to 22, is that man and beast are like to one another in regard to their bodies. They are born, are nourished, become sick, and die in much the same manner, and, judged according to this similarity, the life and the lot of both seem to the eye to be equal. For who can tell from experience, (since the human soul is spiritual, and therefore incapable of being seen), whether it will share a different fate from that of the soul of the animal. This question is addressed to the natural man and does not imply the impossibility, but the difficulty of prov-

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ing the essential distinction between the lot of the soul of an animal and the soul of a man.

(3) The Ten Commandments which Moses received from God are given at length in the Book of Exodus (20:2-17) and the Book of Deuteronomy (5:1-22).

### SECOND-HAND HUSBANDS

*Can a Catholic marry a Protestant who had previously married and obtained a divorce. The party in question found out later that his wife had been married and divorced before, and that she was also guilty of fraud. Could it be possible that there might have been some impediment in their marriage which would make him free to marry a Catholic and perhaps turn Catholic?—N. N.*

The Protestant's freedom to marry depends on the validity of his marriage with the divorced party. This is not for us to settle. We have scant sympathy for Catholics who contemplate marriage with divorced persons. Are there so few Catholic males in your vicinity that you must pick out a second-hand husband?

### BAPTISM: FORTUNE TELLING

*(1) If children are born to a mixed marriage and the Protestant party has them baptized in a Protestant church, can the Catholic have them baptized in the Catholic Church? (2) If a Catholic girl goes to a fortune teller, is it a sin, even though she goes first for fun and doesn't believe what is told her?—N. N.*

(1) Protestants who marry Catholics before the priest explicitly promise not to do such a thing, but to have all children baptized and educated in the Catholic Faith. If, however, the Protestant party has proved faithless to his promises, consult your pastor.

(2) It is a sin of superstition and commerce with the devil, even though only "in fun." The devil is a dangerous person to fool with. It could hardly be called an indifferent thing.

### PERENNIAL BUGBEAR

*(1) God knows the future as well as the past and the present. In that case why do we condemn Judas? Did not God know a thousand years before Judas was born that He would betray Jesus? Could a poor, helpless mortal do something different from that which God Himself knew that he would do? (2) Did God know before He created Adam and Eve that they would commit the first sin, and then become angry because they did what He knew they would do years before they were made? Or did He think, perchance, that His foreknowledge might prove erroneous? (3) If Jesus was God Himself in the form of man, and was omnipotent, then to whom was He praying on numerous occasions? Surely, not to Himself?—F. M. M., BROOKLYN, N. Y.*

(1) Difficulties concerning man's free will and God's foreknowledge arise chiefly because either one of these attributes is sacrificed at the expense of the other. Also on account of hazy notions as to what these attributes are. Free will means the power of self-determination. This necessarily includes the idea of accountability. Divine foreknowledge means the science of God regarding all things past, present, and future, even the future free actions of His creatures. It must be remembered that God knows these

actions because they will be done, and He knows them as *free* actions, not *necessary* actions. Man's free actions are not performed because of God's *foreknowledge*, but because they are *freely* determined by man. And as such God knows them. In other words, God's knowledge, though infallible, does not *necessitate* the actions of men. Otherwise, they would not be free. We know that we are responsible for our actions. Each one's conscience is persuaded that he could have acted differently in a given case. If this were not so, then life is a delusion, and God mocks us. Which is unthinkable. It may be difficult for us to see how God's foreknowledge and man's moral liberty are reconciled, but that does not destroy either one or the other. You know that the sun will rise tomorrow or set this afternoon, but your knowledge does not cause it either to rise or to set. God knows whether or not you will have your dinner this evening. Would you say that this knowledge influences you in any way to partake of it, or to let it alone? He knew that you would write your difficulties to THE SIGN POST. Were you therefore morally necessitated to write and send your letter?

We condemn Judas because he was morally guilty. God knew further back than a thousand years that Judas would betray Him. But He foresaw it as the free act of Judas. The traitor himself admitted before all the Sanhedrim that he sinned in betraying innocent blood. Now a sin is a free, moral action. Which implies that he was not a "poor, helpless mortal" without the power of choice. By exculpating Judas you destroy the merit of Peter who, after his denial, remained faithful unto the end. If Judas is not to be blamed, then Peter should not be rewarded.

(2) Yes, God knew. His anger is a human way of expressing the displeasure of God. But He changes not in Himself. God is a very wonderful Being. We should not be surprised when we cannot understand Him. If we did comprehend Him, He would cease to be God. A parent may warn a daughter to keep away from a dangerous occasion of sin; even severely forbid her to do so. Yet the parent might in all likelihood register anger when he finds out that his daughter disobeyed, though he foresaw it. The parent's foreknowledge did not cause the daughter's disobedience; neither did God's knowledge necessitate original sin. God's knowledge never can prove erroneous, because there is no imperfection of any kind in Him.

(3) Jesus prayed to His Father. Our Lord had two distinct natures united in a very wonderful manner in one person. He was both perfect man and true God. As God He had the same nature as the Father and the Holy Ghost, but not the Person of either. Therefore, as man He could pray to His Father.

### PERSONAL REPLIES

To G. R. M.—Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a reply.

To T. J. C.—Forget the incident. No one has the right to curse the soul of another, not even the person you mention. "The anger of man worketh not the justice of God."

To R. E. G.—There have always been sinners in the Catholic Church. This age is no exception. It is the end and purpose of the Church to save these sinners, not the just. That some Catholics are adopt-

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ing the malicious practices of the neo-paganism may also be true. But such things are evil and Catholics know it. If some play the part of sacrilegious hypocrites—they shall never answer for it. To judge yourself as superior to them is small consolation. Each one shall be judged according as he has observed the Law, not as his neighbor has kept it. And the whole Law must be fulfilled, not part of it.

To J. W., LOWELL, MASS.—Write to Rev. Brother Superior, St. Joseph's College, Baltimore, Md., for information.

To PURDUE—Your friend's many questions indicate general ignorance of the Catholic Church. If he is sincere about studying the Church, introduce him to a Catholic priest who will be glad to instruct him. A reading of "The Faith of Our Father," by Cardinal Gibbons (\$1.00); or "The Catholic Religion," by Martin (60 Cents), will explain many of his difficulties. Both these books may be procured through THE SIGN, adding ten per cent for postage.

### THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

Please publish my thanks to St. Jude for help in financial matters when everything looked black.—M. S., MAYWOOD, N. J.

The inclosed is in thanksgiving to St. Jude for his having obtained for me the strength to use my limbs.—M. G., NEWARK, N. J.

I am deeply grateful to St. Jude for having obtained for me a great spiritual favor.—N. D., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

St. Jude has showed his power to aid in two or three cases which I know of. I especially wish to thank him for bringing back to the Sacraments one who had been away for two years.—A. B. H., PITTSBURGH, PA.

I am inclosing a check for five dollars in return for a favor which I received through the intercession of St. Jude. It was granted on the very first day of my novena.—J. J. C., DORCHESTER, MASS.

The following also wish to acknowledge their gratitude to St. Jude: M. M., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; U. M., MCKEESPORT, PA.; C. M. F., CINCINNATI, OHIO; C. A. D., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; N. C., PATERSON, N. J.; M. R., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; W. H. B., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; D. C., BEEVILLE, TEXAS; D. P., CHICAGO, ILL.; J. A. S.; M. M., WOODSIDE, L. I.; Subscriber, CINCINNATI, OHIO; W. T., BEAVER FALLS, PA.; M. C., MOUNDSVILLE, PA.; J. D., NORWOOD, OHIO; A. E. F., HARTFORD, CONN.; E. McG., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; M. D., MILWAUKEE, WIS.; A. M., PHILADELPHIA, PA.; B. W., WEST SOMERVILLE, MASS.; E. T. V.

## Communications

### CONFESSION AND NON-CATHOLICS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I notice in your "Communications" a letter in which mention is made of the hearing of confessions of Catholics by Protestant ministers. May I say I have heard that this is the case—that a priest told me

of such a thing occurring.

The letter goes on saying—"God hath given power and commandment to His ministers to declare and pronounce—absolution."

To whom did Our Lord give the power to absolve? To His Apostles, and to their successors.

The successors, then, of the Apostles, were *alone*, of all men, *able* to absolve those who confess their sins. In other words *only* a validly ordained priest (who has also jurisdiction) can administer the life-giving Sacrament of Penance.

I used to be an Anglican myself, and I used to go to confession to Anglican ministers. But when God gave me the *priceless* gift of conversion to the *One*, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church I knew, of *course*, that my confessions would have to be made over again. How wonderful it is to kneel before a *real* priest!

"It was possible those sins had been forgiven through your having had *contrition*, but *now* they must be submitted to the Power of the Keys," said my holy Redemptorist confessor. The great English writer, Msgr. R. H. Benson—a convert from Anglicanism—says, in his "Spiritual Letters," page 29: "The explanation the Church gives me, and which I humbly accept, of my spiritual experience, is that at moments of confession and communion I made a spiritual effort, and God blessed it; and gave me many graces; but She tells me it was *not* 'per Sacramentum.'" (He is speaking now of his Anglican days.)

Pardon the length of this letter, and, in closing it, I might express the wish that the historical novels of Msgr. Benson were more widely read. They give a picture of the terrible state of things in the days of Henry VIII and Elizabeth—(especially "The King's Achievement," and "By What Authority,") when so many Catholics were racked, and put to death for the Faith. *Puritanism* reigned in those days, and priests were martyred at Tyburn.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

MARY. L. VON SZELISKA.

### FROM A MEXICAN CATHOLIC

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

This will inform you that I have read the copy of your Mexican pamphlet by Mr. Francis McCullagh, sent to our V. R. Fr. C. M. Garde, S.J., and that I would like to secure several copies of said pamphlet to distribute among several of my friends here especially of the prominent business men not of our Faith. A few copies only until I may be able to mail you postal money order for 100 copies; I am not sending you any money because I am up against it now and pretty poor in funds.

I have traveled throughout Mexico for the past ten years and I know that the publication you have made by Mr. Francis McCullagh shows real facts, the truth on the Mexican situation; besides, I have several original written proofs to guarantee my statement. Your publication deserves ALL praise, and I, as a Catholic Mexican, your humble servant, wish and ask our Almighty God to pour His special blessings upon yourself and Community for your welfare and your valuable work for our most noble and justified Cause.



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With my sentiments of respect and esteem and awaiting the pleasure of your good word, I am,

Yours sincerely in Xto,

EL PASO, TEXAS.

CHARLES L. GANDARA.

### AN APPRECIATIVE NON-CATHOLIC

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I am a young man and have been reading your magazine for quite a while. It is sent to me once a month, and I wish to thank you, for it is of great interest to me.

I am a Protestant. I have belonged to the Baptist Church for quite a while, but still I read your magazine and like it. It is a great help to me. We all want to live right. There is not a Catholic church here but if there was I would attend the meetings. At one time I worked in Atlantic City, N. J., with the Hill Dredging Company. Had I known the good of you people then, as I do now, and had I been allowed to, I would have attended the meetings.

At any time that I can help you in any way I can, I will be willing to do it. I have another friend who would like to read your magazine. His name and address is Mr. Clim Merrial, Moor Street, Beaufort, N. C. I would be glad to let him have mine but I have five more friends who read mine when I am through with it. Mr. Merrial wishes me to tell you that he and myself sure did enjoy the meetings that were held here in a car.

Excuse bad writing and take all my mistakes for the love that I have for my dear Catholic friends.

BEAUFORT, N. C.

WILLIAM SHARREN.

### ABOUT THE COLOR LINE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Mr. Anthony Christman of Chicago has a letter in the March issue of THE SIGN headed "A Question of Color" which is highly important. It contains this sentence—"In the past the mixture of color and races has been on so large a scale that it is good policy to avoid statements anent purity of blood of any person. The evidence of such mixture in the United States are palpable."

If these words were properly understood by the American Nation much would have been done to make us a more united people. For Catholics it should be an easy matter to settle. Are not all races children of God? To hate any person because of race or color of skin is to hate God Himself, since all are His children. Why divide on such lines? God is no respecter of persons. The heart is what counts with Him.

DENTON, TEXAS. (REV.) RAYMOND VERNIMONT.

### MEXICO AND THE A. F. L.

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have read Captain McCullagh's articles on Mexico in the January and February issues of THE SIGN and I note with pleasure that they are to be issued in pamphlet form. I enclose you the names and addresses of some prominent representatives of

organized labor and wish you would send each one of them a pamphlet. I enclose you a sum to cover the cost.

I also enclose a set of resolutions and wish Captain McCullagh would read them. I hold no brief for the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor; in fact I think the way they handled the Mexican question was damnable, but as one who is a member of the A. F. of L. going on twenty-eight years I can state without hesitation that the enclosed resolutions express the true sentiments of the great rank and file. Of course, the rank and file do not get to the conventions. Shortly after the adoption of the resolutions by the Philadelphia Unions a strenuous attempt was made by Mexican supporters to undo the effect. A Miss Edith Christensen, Secretary of the Philadelphia branch of the Womans Trades Union League, announced at a meeting of the Central Labor Union that the league would hold a meeting, giving place and date, which would be addressed by a Professor Henry Wildes who had just returned from Mexico and would explain the cause of all the trouble there. The meeting took place and the professor proved a first-class Calles booster until a couple of us went after him, when he wilted miserably. From a Calles viewpoint that meeting was a flat failure.

Captain McCullagh's articles should be put in the hands of every officer of the unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor and if I had the funds to meet the cost I would certainly insist on doing that little thing in the interest of truth and justice. I am enclosing a thoroughly reliable little book (latest issue) which contains the names and addresses of the principal officers of the International, National, State and City central organizations in the country. If it is or can be of any use in spreading the truth about Mexico you may use it as you see fit.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

WILLIAM J. BOYLE.

### A SUGGESTED PROGRAM

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Reading your various letters in the March number and finding therein expressions of ideas I had had in mind I think this one I shall pass on as it persists.

Sport and its representatives are dear to the present generation as are movie idols. Since Washington has used a most popular hero and a comedy favorite and the propaganda apparently has been put across, why not a similar campaign on our part?

Tunney, Babe Ruth, and, most important in some quarters, Ramon Novaro, a cultured Mexican and I understand a choir singer in his local Catholic church—these and more use to broadcast through every medium of news distribution in order to reach the public with facts about Mexico.

If the same proficient publicity campaign would be set working that was organized for the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago, but swiftly and secretly so as not to allow any double-crossing from the enemy then it seems the truth could then be told. Chesterton in his column of the *London News*, Kathleen Norris in her corner of the *World* and so on—choosing always those who enjoy a popularity among non-Catholics despite their religion.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

ALICE BUTLER.



# The Light of the World

## The Appeal of Jesus Crucified

By FRANCIS SHEA, C.P.

*"God, Who commanded light to shine out of darkness hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Christ Jesus."—(2 COR. 4:6.)*

THE WORD OF GOD is the Brightness of Eternal Light, the unspotted Mirror of His Majesty, the Image of His Goodness. From all eternity God was blissfully absorbed in the contemplation of this other Self. In Him He beheld not only His own Divine Perfections but also the plan and the model of all created things. "In Him and by Him and for Him were all things created in Heaven and on earth." In the language of theology, the Son was the exemplary cause, the efficient cause and the final cause of the natural and the supernatural order. And so in the first of His creative utterances God stamped the image of His Only-Begotten on His handiwork. "Be light made. And light was made. And God saw the light that it was good. And He divided the light from the darkness." So dull an image was not sufficient. Hence, He completed His work by the creation of man whom He endowed with the natural light of reason and the supernatural light of grace. All creation was brilliant with the reflected light of His glory. He gazed with complacency on this finite replica of the Self that He loved.

But alas! the creature chose darkness rather than light. By sin the light of grace was extinguished and the light of reason was darkened. Without a guide, he followed after the flickering and deceptive lights that beckoned him on into the quagmires of error and, at times, into darkest idolatry. Darkness overspread the rational creation except for that lesser light which God created to rule over this night of sin and ignorance—the promise of a light that should enlighten every man that cometh into the world.

Dim at first, the promise grew in splendor, from "the Star that would rise out of Jacob" to the Light described by Isaiah. "Arise, Jerusalem, and be enlightened, for thy Light is come and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For behold darkness shall cover the earth and a mist the people: but the Lord shall arise upon thee and His glory shall be seen upon thee. And the

Gentiles shall walk in thy Light and kings in the brightness of thy rising . . . The Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting Light." It will be of such surpassing brilliance that "the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold as the light of seven days in the day when the Lord shall bind up the wound of His people and shall heal the stroke of their wound." He speaks as though it had already come: "The people who walked in darkness have seen a great Light: to them that dwelt in the region of the shadow of death, Light is risen." Conscious of the universal need, he cries out: "For the sake of Jerusalem, I will not rest till her Just One come forth as brightness and her Savior be lighted as a lamp."

GOD TYPIFIED in deeds the brightness of the Savior's coming. In delivering His people from Egypt, He sent upon the Egyptians as the ninth plague—more terrifying than all the rest—"darkness so thick that it could be felt." "And there came darkness in all the land of Egypt for three days. No man saw his brother nor moved himself from the place where he was." "No power of fire could give them light, neither could the bright flames of the stars enlighten that horrible night." While they were all bound together with one chain of darkness, no terrible thing disturbed them and yet, the passing by of beasts, a whistling wind, even the melodious voice of birds among the spreading branches of trees made them swoon and die for fear." Truly a remarkable picture of the helplessness and the fear of man without the light of God. But through all the horrors of that fearful night, "whosoever the children of Israel dwelt there was light." Deliverance from their bondage came "while all things were in quiet silence and the night was in the midst of her course." God led forth His people, giving them "a burning pillar of fire for a guide of the way which they knew not." Thus God was pleased in all His works to create light and to separate light from darkness in order to signify the brightness of the "Sun of Justice" Whose "going forth is as the morning light" and Whose circuit is from end to end of the Heavens, enlightening the eyes of all so that none can hide

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from the burning rays of His Divine presence.

Finally through the dim light of the promise, the voice of Zachary is heard proclaiming that "the Orient from on high hath visited us to enlighten them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death." "The brightness of God" shone over Bethlehem in the murky darkness of a winter's night. The True Light illumined the shadows that hung over a waiting world. By the light of 'His star' the Gentiles found and adored Him. And holy Simeon was ready to die in peace because his eyes had seen the Light that was to pierce the clouds of Gentile ignorance and superstition and to give brilliance to the feeble rays of Jewish knowledge. The same God who commanded light to shine out of primordial darkness hath shined into our hearts to give us the light of knowledge of the glory of God, not now in symbols, however luminous, but in the person of His own Son is Light of Light, the Splendor of His glory." "In Thy Light we shall see Light."

\* \* \* \* \*

*"I make doctrine to shine forth as the morning light and I will declare it afar off." — (ECCLE. 23:44.)*

THE LIFE of the Word in the bosom of the Father consists in being the perfect expression of the Father's Infinite Knowledge of Himself. In becoming Man He remained what He was—the image of the invisible God. This life He communicates to men and they who receive it become sons of God. "In Him was life and the life was the light of men." "I am the Light of the World," He says. "He that followeth Me walketh not in darkness but shall love the light of life." He repeatedly asserts that His doctrine is to reveal the Father and when asked by a disciple to show the Father, He answers with sublime simplicity: "He that seeth Me seeth the Father also." And as light cannot reveal anything without first shining itself, it is through that revelation that we know Jesus Himself. "Everyone that hath heard of the Father and hath learned cometh to Me." Thus the life of God, even eternal life, is in him who knows "the only true God and Jesus Christ Whom He has sent." This faith is the light of the soul; it effects that transfiguration, that resemblance to the most Beloved Image of the God-head which causes the Father to say: "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." Marvelous privilege to be the object of the same complacent regard with which the Father looks upon His Son. Still more wonderful to hear the words of Jesus Himself: "Even

as I am, so you are the light of the world. Let your light shine before men that they may see and know the Father and Me." Not to priests only, but to all who are thus made "partakers of the divine nature" did St. Peter write: "You are a chosen generation, a kingly priesthood, a purchased people: *that you may declare His virtues who hath called you out of darkness into His marvelous light.*"

Certainly we should heed the exhortation of St. Paul to "give thanks to God the Father who hath made us worthy to be partakers of the lot of the saints in light: Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness and hath translated us in to the kingdom of the Son of His love." But there is also a terrible responsibility on all who have this light. "If we say we have fellowship with Him and walk in darkness, we lie and we do not the truth." This light can have no fellowship with the dark deeds of sin. It is in St. John's Gospel that Jesus frequently speaks of Himself as the Light of the World: "I am come a light into the world: that whosoever believeth in Me may not remain in darkness." At the same time He asserts that unbelief is due to sin: "Everyone that doth evil hateth the light." It is by the light that is given that men shall be judged: "The word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day." St. John then surely had the mind of Christ when he wrote: "He that saith that he is in the light and hateth his brother is in darkness even until now." He speaks of love, it is true, but there is no Christian love without faith going before. It is faith that distinguishes love from those works which even the heathens and publicans do; it is faith that sees Jesus in the person of His little ones, hungry, thirsty, a stranger, naked, sick and in prison, even though it is love that ministers unto Him. Faith, as a morning light, shines upon all Christian doctrine up to the throne of God—Three in One—and down even to these "My least brethren." It lights up the paths of the just and goeth forward and increaseth even unto perfect love.

\* \* \* \* \*

*"Let us run by patience to the fight proposed to us, looking on Jesus the Author and Finisher of our Faith, Who, having joy set before Him, endured the Cross, despising the shame." (HEBR. 12:1-2.)*

ONCE ONLY during His mortal life did the brightness of eternal light shine through the veil of the Sacred Humanity of the Incarnate Word. Then His Face did shine as the sun and

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His garments became as white as snow. A bright cloud overshadowed Him and lo! a voice out of the cloud saying: "This is My most beloved Son in Whom I am well pleased: *hear ye Him.*" Words meant for us, for Jesus was at the time speaking with Moses and Elias of "His decease that He would accomplish in Jerusalem." When He came down from the mount, He told the disciples more plainly: "Lay you up in your hearts these words for it shall come to pass that the Son of Man shall be delivered into the hands of men and they shall kill Him." At the same time He commanded them to tell the vision to no man. Not Thabor but Calvary was the hill from which the Light of the world was to beam most brightly. While darkness covered the whole earth from the sixth to the ninth hour, Jesus shone forth as the Author and Finisher of our Faith. In Egyptian darkness God with a mighty arm delivered His chosen people; on Mount Sinai "Moses went into the dark cloud wherein God was" and came forth with "the pure light of the law" and with his face so brilliant that the children of Israel could not steadfastly behold him. On Thabor Christ spoke with Moses, the lawgiver, and Elias, greatest of the prophets, about His death. On Calvary He fulfilled all prophecy; He brought to completion the whole law. He was the object of Jewish faith, the end of all their ordinances. The dark, the obscure things of both law and prophecy became clear in the light of His Sacrifice and Death. In His Crucified Humanity, God is revealed as never before—HOLY, JUST, WISE, POWERFUL, MERCIFUL, LOVING. The human mind is dazzled by the brightness of the light that streams from the Crucified in this showing of the Father. Jesus Himself is revealed as the Priest and Victim of the New Law; He is King, Mediator, Model. All souls belong to Him; all prayers are heard through Him; all virtues are exemplified in Him. The two commandments that "contain all the law and the Prophets"—love of God and love of the neighbor—are carried by Him to their ultimate perfection because He fulfilled perfectly the Will of His Father and laid down His life for sinners; He exceeded the requirements laid down for the Beatitudes; He practised the counsels to a degree that no Saints ever attained.

**J**ESUS CRUCIFIED is a summary of Christian dogma that even the most ignorant can grasp. He embodies all even the most difficult of the moral precepts. He is the reservoir of grace that flows through the Sacraments. He is indeed, the

Author and Finisher of our Faith but He is also the living illustration of how faith must be practised and how great are its rewards. "Now faith is the substance of things to be hoped for, the evidence of things that appear not." Faith sees all things in the light of eternity; it counts things at their true worth; it foregoes the temporal to gain the eternal. "Jesus, having joy set before Him, endured the Cross, despising the shame." The world is redeemed by His death; every knee bows before Him, and His Father is infinitely glorified. To gaze on Him will make us "children of the light" and "children of the day," seeing clearly the relative values of the things of time and eternity and to push forth courageously to the attainment of those things of enduring worth. Of each one who thus contemplates Jesus Crucified it will be said as it was said of Samuel: "And he was known to be faithful in all his words, because He saw the God of light." Inevitably does such faith lead to Heaven where it will no longer be needed in the light of vision. "The city hath no need of the sun, nor of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God hath enlightened it and the Lamb is the lamp thereof."

## Archconfraternity Comment

*(Intention for April, 1928)*

**T**HE INTENTION of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion for this month is: A Safe Journey for the Sisters of St. Joseph now on their way to China to join other members of their community in assisting the Passionist Missionaries in North Hunan.

### THE FOUNDER OF THE ARCHCONFRATERNITY:

The eminent example of St. Paul of the Cross admirably illustrates the holiness of the Church in the eighteenth century. Among the people of that time he was, indeed, distinguished as a fervent disciple and zealous apostle of Christ Crucified. Since that day his fame has spread throughout the world, so that everywhere he is honored as the great saint of the Cross and Passion of our Lord. It is natural, therefore, that the Archconfraternity should not only esteem him as the founder of the Passionist Order but should in a special manner venerate him as its own Founder and Patron.

St. Paul of the Cross as Patron of the Archconfraternity of the Passion might well say to



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each member: "Be you an imitator of me, as I also am of Christ. With Christ I am nailed to the Cross." His whole career was interwoven with the Sacred Passion of our Lord. Having such a shining example, they will be worthy members of the society and will strive to follow in his footsteps.

**T**HE FAMILIAR story of St. Paul of the Cross as a little child at his mother's knee, learning the lessons of the Crucifix, pictures for us the inspiration of his life. She taught him to remember the bruises, the wounds of our Lord when he was suffering pain. She made him forget his own crying by thinking of the tears of Christ. She comforted him in sadness by telling him of the sorrows of Jesus Crucified.

These pious conversations with his mother made such a deep impression on the boy that he actually sought sufferings to be like his Crucified Master. He would endure thirst or go hungry, or put something into his food and drink to make them bitter or insipid. He would kneel upright in prayer a long time, though it caused him pain. He deprived himself of many things and deliberately denied his own desires. He acquired the practice of thinking constantly of our Lord's sufferings. The boy soon surpassed his saintly mother in this devotion to Christ Crucified; and the records of his life attest that his father had to restrain him in his penances, lest he injure his health.

When he began to give missions and retreats, and held aloft a large Crucifix, the people gathered around him and his companions, and many of them were converted from a life of sin to holiness and an ardent love of the Cross. With the blessing and assistance of bishops and the Sovereign Pontiffs, he succeeded in establishing the Congregation of the Most Holy Cross and Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, which continues his wonderful work in many parts of the world at the present day.

St. Paul of the Cross in truth was an apostle powerful in word and work, and won innumerable souls for Christ Crucified. God blessed his zeal, and surrounded him in his declining years with saintly men and with many rich favors of the Church.

Year after year, the Passion seemed to become more and more his only thought. He devoted much time to preaching missions and retreats and hearing confessions, besides building up and directing his Congregation of Religious, but it was all done to make known his Crucified God. He

manifested his love for a crucified life especially in time of trial and disappointment, or when suffering from illness. Thus he passed eighty-one years. His last act on earth was to kiss and embrace his Crucifix.

St. Paul of the Cross, therefore, is honored as the patron of the Archconfraternity, because he spent his life in spreading devotion to the Passion by his words, by his example, and by means of his institute. As the purpose of the society is to promote a grateful remembrance of the sufferings of our Lord, much may be learned from the example and labors of St. Paul of the Cross, and much may be gained through his intercession.

As patron of the Archconfraternity of the Passion, St. Paul of the Cross will obtain many blessings for those members who earnestly strive to fill their hearts with devotion to our Lord's sufferings. He will be a model to the members in thinking frequently of the sorrows and sufferings of Christ. He will show them how to make the sorrows of life so many offerings acceptable to their Divine Redeemer. He will prove himself a strong protector to the members in times of anxiety and discouragement.

As St. Paul of the Cross was an unwearied "hunter of souls" for whom Christ suffered and died, the members of the society should follow his leadership and seek to persuade others to join the Archconfraternity and much more to pray fervently for the conversion of sinners. They cannot ascend the pulpit to preach Christ Crucified as St. Paul did, but they can offer their Masses, Holy Communion, Rosaries, Visits to the Blessed Sacraments, and Stations of the Cross, or other pious works for the success of the missions and retreats. They will walk in the footsteps of the patron of the Archconfraternity when they kneel before the Crucifix in fervent prayer, and especially when they speak of it to others. They will become more and more like St. Paul of the Cross by the efforts they make to promote devotion to the Sacred Passion.

**A**SURE and excellent way to honor the patron of the Archconfraternity of the Passion, and to acquire his spirit, is to say some prayer to him every day and by receiving Holy Communion on his Feast Day, April 28th. The numerous miracles and countless divine favors obtained through his intercession show that he rewards those of the faithful who seek his aid. How much greater, then, will be the blessings he will obtain for his own children the members of the Archconfraternity of the Passion!



# Rustiquel the Rat-Catcher

*Who Flourished in the Reign of Philip the Fair*

**I**T IS NEVER safe to take it for granted that you are loved for yourself alone in this world. After all, why should you be? Even Rustiquel the Rat-Catcher had to be disillusioned upon this point. He thought he was the hero of his own story—he who shone only in the reflection of a hidden light. Yet who should be a hero if not a cat? How seriously and courteously he bears himself indoors, yet how freely and blithely he sallies forth to slay monsters and destroyers! And if this is true of cats in general, how especially true it is of one cat in particular: that is, of Rustiquel the Rat-Catcher, who flourished in the City of Paris in the reign of Philip the Fair.

I say "flourished," but, to tell the honest truth, Rustiquel the Rat-Catcher, though destined to a snug and creditable lot, had a kittenhood as dangerous and obscure as any cat in Paris. In fact, it was not until he reached the lanky, introspective age, when the chasing of his own tail offered more physical difficulties and fewer imaginative attractions every day, that he was rescued from death by Master Robert the Scrivener, and presented by way of a love-token to Alis, daughter of Ernoul the Crossbow-maker, which was the foundation of his subsequent fortunes.

It came about this way. Master Robert, one of the youngest and neediest of all the five-hundred scriveners of Paris, was hastening back to his garret one winter evening, with a couple of tallow candles in one hand and a small eel-pie in the other, when he saw certain scholars of the Sorbonne, always an ingenious and ill-disposed crew, playing a cruel jest on an inoffensive cat. The cat, a black cat with three white paws, was propped up in the corner of one of the stone benches which Christian charity had wedged between the buttresses of the Church of St. Etienne, and the officiating jester was balancing a couple of dice upon its paws while an assistant stood by holding a piece of fish.

"Now, my Tibert," said the ringleader, "I propose to throw a main with you. If you win, the page-in-waiting (and he jerked his head at his grinning subordinate) shall give you a piece of fish. If I win, we will skin you and make you into a purse—paws and all."

It was the work of a moment, as they say in

the books of chivalry, for Robert to deposit his candles and eel-pie in the coign of the masonry and advance to the aid of the cat. What impulse moved him, he could not have told you at the time, but when the scholars had dispersed, and the cat, the candles, and the eel-pie were all somewhat uneasily adjusted for portage home, he realized what had lain behind his valor. He had rescued the cat, not for himself, but for Alis. A cat in itself is little good to a poor scrivener. But "good," as the scholastics will tell you, if you stop to listen to them, can be subdivided into the befitting, the delectable and the useful. So though our paladin had never felt incomplete without a cat, and could not imagine himself rejoicing in the possession of one, yet as a means to an end the animal had its uses. And the end for which Master Robert got up and went to bed, ate, drank, worked and prayed was—after the salvation of his soul, and not so very far after that primary object either—the love of the devout and inaccessible Alis.

Of course Rustiquel knew nothing of this as he fixed his twenty claws into the pleats of his benefactor's gown and clung on like a bur. He argued, and excusably, that Robert coveted him for his own. Moreover, he scented the eel through its disproportionate bastion of crust and was not disposed to quarrel with his destiny.

"Sweet Master," he said affectionately, as they ascended the spiral staircase that led to the poet's lodging, "henceforth I will live and die for you."

**HIS CHAMPION** received these protestations in silence; but later in the evening, when the pie had been shared and the first candle was burning low, he picked up the kitten—who was attacking one of his quills with tigerish ferocity—and discovered to him in detail the honorable yet onerous post for which he designed him. Rustiquel listened cordially; it was hours past his bed time, but the candle was as good as a full moon to him, and the scholar's hand and knee, though a trifle thin and uncommodious, were caressing and steady. He closed his eyes to the sound of fair Alis's praises, and only woke on his master's coverlet at cockcrow. Robert was already in the act of making a holiday toilet, and the kitten, with rosy and industrious tongue, followed his example. Then they left the house

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together, Rustiquel doubting in his heart of hearts whether he would ever see a home so much to his liking again.

**N**OW, IMAGINE yourself in the crossbow-maker's shop. Not on the ground floor, where Ernoul wrought his arbalasts and old Bertha, his nurse and Alis's, doddered about over her cookery, but in a tiled chamber overhead, where Alis plied her trade of *paternostrière*, making chaplets of devotion, day in and day out, for all the faithful of Paris. The maiden looked up as the couple entered, greeted them fairly, and relieved Master Robert of the kitten. But when the scrivener broached the motive of his visit, and painted a fervid picture of Rustiquel's beatitude if allowed to remain behind in the tiled chamber, the lady told him that she had made up her mind to enter the Béguinage of the Porte Barbel, and her father had given his consent.

"But I can take your kitten with me," she added compassionately, as the scrivener's fool's paradise, falling about his ears, colored those luckless recipients of bad tidings an eloquent crimson. Thus, without any attempt to ascertain his vocation, or even to consult his feelings, was it decided that Rustiquel the Rat-Catcher should enter a Béguinage.

Now why a Béguinage is a Béguinage or a béguine a béguine, is, as Matthew Paris says, wholly unknown. To this day, the tourist returning from Ghent or Bruges, brings home memories of walled townships of holy women, of a life lived, as it were, halfway between the cloister and the hearth. He has seen these domesticated anchoresses in their voluminous cloaks pass up and down the civic cobblestones, and watched them collect themselves at nightfall, like the magic toys of the Holy Child, and put themselves neatly away. But he has never, I wager, thought of béguines apart from Belgium, though four hundred of them fed the flame of devotion in the Paris of Rustiquel the Rat-Catcher. St. Louis, instigated by Robert of Sorbon, had built the great Béguinage in the Parish of St. Paul to which the pious aspirations of Alis now devoted her cat. It lay along the easterly wall of the city; and some of its houses had windows in the wall itself, under the machicolated parapet which in stormier days had streamed with Greek fire and boiling lead. These windows, however, were each barred with a grille. Not even Rustiquel, slim as he was, could thrust his body through its quarterings. Yet Rustiquel came to measure the width of his whiskers

against the straitness of his mistress's bars within three weeks of their comfortable installation.

It took him no longer than this, I regret to say, to weary of the Béguinage. In half the time he had eliminated the few rats that the neatness and fragility of the place afforded, and spent the best part of each day in expeditions about Paris. When the studded doors of the Béguinage opened of a morning, he was always allowed out on the same conditions as his mistress. He was, it is true, dispensed from the elderly companion who accompanied Alis on her infrequent walks abroad, but he was bidden to be home before the gates were shut and instructed how to know when their closure was imminent. As long as it was not too dark to tell a *tournois* from a *parisis*, said the béguine rule, you would be sure of finding the door ajar; and Alis presented Rustiquel with a fair, unclipt specimen of each coin and bade him carry them about and consult them punctually. But Rustiquel gave the *tournois* and the *parisis* to Hue the Herring-seller in return for herrings; and having acquired a liking for Hue, a snub-nosed pleasant fellow who appreciated his ratting, he used to stay all night in the herring-seller's shop opposite the pillory of La Ferronnerie, and sneak home in the morning.

**B**Y DAY he visited other craftsmen of Paris. He avoided the *aumuciers* who made furred hoods, and the *gantiers* who made furred gloves, and the *boursiers* who made furred wallets, and the *peletiers*, over two hundred in number, who made furred garments of all kinds. For he was apprehensively aware that his black and white pelt came into the fourth category of sartorial furs as listed in the sumptuary laws of Paris. Ermine and minever were relegated to kings and queens; sable and gray squirrel to nobles; rabbit, wild cat and red squirrel to burgesses; and common folk had to keep the cold out as best they could with lamb, fox, hare, and domestic cat. Rustiquel, therefore, avoided the furriers' quarter, and the stalls of the *citholiers* or lutemakers. If music were needed about Paris, and he himself no foe to serenade and aubade, let cats' voices, not catgut, be its source. There were too many friends to be left desolate if Rustiquel were done away with—honest vendors of fish, flesh and fowl, whose rats he devoured together with grateful remnants of their victuals. Then, too, there were the crossbow-maker and the scrivener, each of whom he visited with punctual regularity to keep them posted with the latest news of Alis. And in these two quarters he was so fêted and made

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much of that he began to have serious thoughts of abandoning his béguine altogether and dwelling in the shop or the garret.

RUSTIQUEL had arrived back one morning at the Béguinage, just as Alis was bearing the water for the day from the well in the center of the courtyard and her elderly companion was blowing up the fire. Both had rebuked him for his nocturnal absence, and he had been docked of his customary milk. Rustiquel was not hungry; he had spent a successful night at Hue's, retrieving herring-heads. But his pride was hurt, and he departed, shaking his ears, to the crossbow-maker's, where old Bertha ladled him out some soup, and Ernoul himself suspended work to see him lap it. Having finished his breakfast, Rustiquel did not wait to furnish his patrons with the customary news of their nursing and daughter, but gave them at once to understand that he was weary of life at the Béguinage and intended to take up his abode at the shop.

"Your rats will be none the worse for closer attention," he wound up, "and I will go and visit Mistress Alis now and again, when inclination prompts me."

"You suggest quitting my daughter's service, you renegade!" cried the crossbow-maker.

"You desert your young mistress!" quavered the nurse.

"Do you suppose we make you welcome here for your own sake?" they clamored together. "Back with you at once to the Porte Barbel."

At the end of this tirade the nurse opened the shop door, and the crossbow-maker, lifting a coarse shoe, sent Rustiquel flying into the kennel.

Our hero picked himself up and fled. Not back to the Béguinage, but straight to the lodging of his friend the scrivener. Here at least, in the first kindly asylum of his career, he would be appreciated and cherished. He pattered upstairs, uttered his wonted cry on the threshold, and drew a breath of relief when a stool was pushed back and two strides brought the scrivener to the door.

"Come in, Rustiquel!" cried the youth hospitably. "How goes the world with your mistress, my prince of envoys?"

Rustiquel winced. This was an unfortunate opening. He must put matters on another footing at once. He crouched by the scholar's bed, sprang on to the familiar sheepskin, licked himself casually, stretched, put his chin on his paws, and pretended to doze.

"Come, Rustiquel," said his host a little tartly; "news first and nap afterwards. How fares your

lady?" Rustiquel sat up angrily and lashed his tail.

"I neither know nor care," he replied. "I am weary of the Porte Barbel. I have spent the night ratting for Hue the Herring-seller of La Ferronnerie. Hue says there is no ratting like Rustiquel in the whole city. He had rather Rustiquel took up his abode at La Ferronnerie than be made Bishop of Paris. When I have slept off my weariness, I will rat for you. Let me stay here, kind master," he added, leaping off the bed and thrusting his nose into the scrivener's hand, "I was your liegeman from the time you rescued me from the danger of death. Rescue me now from the boredom of life! It is no part of Rustiquel's duty to be a squire of dames."

The scrivener bent down thoughtfully and picking up his suitor by the scruff, bestowed him once more upon his knee. For a few minutes there was silence while the young man considered the merits of the case, weighing (as it seemed to him) his own last link with this world's felicity against the right of one of the meanest of God's creatures to be put to his true use. Justice finally triumphed, and the scrivener spoke to Rustiquel as follows:

"IT HAS been said by way of a similitude," he began, "that the work which best delights a man, which is his chiefest bent, that to which he is most devoted and towards whose fulfillment he orders all his other business, is his life. The life of one creature is not the life of another. Plants live to absorb sun and dew and secret essences of the earth, and to bring forth others of their kind. Men, who alone rejoice in the possession of reason, live when they think and act as reason bids. Beasts which are neither men nor plants (though there are fools who, treating them too honorably or too lightly, would make them one or the other) live for feeling and movement. You, my Rustiquel, feel and move as a Rat-Catcher. You have found your calling, and all you need do now is to toil in it. Waste no time estimating your status among men, the figure, poor or impressive, you may be cutting among your neighbors. This garret is no place for you; neither do the Béguinage or Ernoul's shop afford a field for your activities. Go back to Hue the Herring-seller and make his stall your headquarters. If you hasten," he added, as Rustiquel, convinced, rose with alacrity to his feet, "you will be just in time to catch him returning from the quay, and you can take down the shutters together."



# A Rare Thing

Carl Ritter: *La Levantine: Duke Constantine*

**R**ISMET? An unaccountable interlacing of threads, spun on an invisible loom held in Fate's hands? Cut and dried definitions would have been of little help to those two, who were thrown together when all the better things in at least one of them cried out for a redeeming, not to say healing, severance.

As could well be expected, their very first meeting gave shape and color to their future relationship. The broad, well-lit staircase of the Imperial Naval Corps House in St. Petersburg echoed with the loud reverberations of their mutual amazement.

"I say—are you *you* or—me?"

"You haven't stepped into my shoes, have you? Why, it's like looking into a mirror!"

Each halted, each swept the other with more than bewildered eyes. And the most casual of onlookers would have halted just the same, seeing those two together. It was not merely the common cadet uniform, black cloth and gold lacings, that enhanced the well-nigh uncanny resemblance between them. Nor the fact that both were tall and superbly built, both had wavy brown hair, big hazel eyes, clean-shaven mouths. The likeness went to the maddening extent of a tiny mole over the upper lip, yet suddenly, and again uncannily, each became aware of the resemblance going far beneath things tangible and visible. They stood and looked one at another, conscious of something more vivid than all outward shape, which linked them together. Neither could say if this lay in intonations of their voices or the peculiar way each knit his eyebrows and threw his head back, so that a stray lock of very brown hair rippled over the left temple. It may have been all these things, but they did not quite explain why each felt so entirely, body and soul and mind, thrown into the other's mould.

"Well," said the first, "you are my double all right. Queer, isn't it?"

"I—suppose so," acquiesced the other more than a little dubiously, and was on the point of asking a very natural question, when the first youth gave a careless insolent shrug and ran down the stairs.

This abruptness was rather disconcerting. Cyril Ritter, he a mere untried freshman at the Corps, stood still for several moments, oblivious

of the fact that the officer on duty was already expecting him in the drill yard. One hand clutching the red velvet railing, Cyril, vaguely disturbed, fell to considering whether he would find any advantages in possessing such a perfect double. Of course, all depended on the social status of the latter. If his father happened to be one of the high and mighty gods of the Admiralty, well, things might then turn out most decidedly awkward. There would be a certain amount of unavoidable rivalry and Cyril's home background would not justify his having the upper hand over an Admiral's son. However, that had to be found out.

The question was solved for him by his fellow-cadets within the next hour. The young men wasted no words and the things they told him fell on to Cyril's ears, numbing his heart with something dangerously like despair.

There might be advantages in having a Duke Imperial get his naval training like any rough clay commoner, but the boys failed to see any such advantages in this particular case. His Highness carried too much of the Palace into the classroom and the dormitory. "You certainly are like two peas together," they told Ritter. "Well, good luck to you, but you had better be warned from the start; Constantine will trade on the resemblance, make no mistake about it, and it will be up to you to steer clear of all rows."

Ritter listened, something in a corner of his heart prompting him to write home immediately, to tell his people that he, Cyril, had come to a different decision about his future career. He felt sure the Navy was not for him. And then he remembered all the sacrifices his father had made to get him into the Corps. He simply owed it to the old man to go through with it. After all, he could not be quite sure that the boys' judgments were infallible.

**Y**ET WITHIN a month Ritter began wishing his father had failed in having him enrolled. Cyril did not mind the lesser things. It would have been childish of him to get angry when Duke Constantine, turning up long after hours, threw the name of Ritter at the sleepy-eyed and slow-witted porter. Cyril also tried to make the least of the rather unpleasant similarity in their handwritings. There was a darkly-clouded after-



noon, when a carelessly scribbled astronomy essay, teeming with mistakes and initialled "C.R." was found on Cyril's desk, a damning verdict of the professor scrawled on the first page. "Not mine, Sir," Cyril was on the point of saying, when his look caught the Duke's eyes, a little ironical, a little challenging, and—yes, there could be no mistake about it, more than a little threatening. So the hotly indignant protest gave way to an apologetic "Sorry I have done so badly, Sir."

"**S**ADLY?" grumbled the man, "it is hopeless, Ritter. A schoolboy could not have done worse."

And Cyril, his whole self held in the blaze of unavoidably hidden anger, forced his eyes to look down. It would not do to see that cold arrogant face again. There were disastrous limits, best left unapproached.

Ritter went on with it, however. Time and again he would be summoned to the Head's study and get a sharply worded reprimand for having failed to salute his superior officers in the streets. The green baize door closed behind him, Cyril would shrug his shoulders. There was no choice for him but "to face the music," and all he could do was to face it with the utmost indifference. Always in those moments would he consider his none too well off people. If he were mad enough to make a definite row . . . well, expulsions were swift and they were also irrevocable. What was he but a commoner, and what chance had his word against that of a Duke Imperial?

So Ritter merely set his teeth and went on trying to make the least possible out of these lesser incidents, though his patience would be tested almost beyond endurance when it came to the point of meeting his double immediately after some unpleasant interview in the Head's room.

The Duke never ignored him. The more than slightly insolent curve of the beautiful mouth, the ironical twinkle in the hazel eyes, the lazily indifferent voice, would each and all dance like scarlet fires somewhere behind Ritter's purposely averted eyes. The youth's heart would then turn into one vast pleading for sterner self-control, and the musical insolent voice lashed him like a heavy leather whip.

"Hallo, my dear double, how fares it today? I say, it is simply gorgeous that you and I should be so thrown together. Don't you agree?"

Black and scarlet heaved the ugliness of pent-up anger somewhere behind Cyril's eyes, somewhere near his temples, heating them, crimsoning

them, until his cheeks would feel like live coals and his fingers became taut and icy cold. Rarely enough would he dare to mutter between his clenched teeth:

"I say, you know perfectly well that I—"

Here a subtly veiled threat in the big hazel eyes would make Ritter lay a seal on whatever else he wanted to say.

"Quite, my dear fellow." Oh, that irony, it cut like a north wind. "You got that wiggling from Head for being out late last night, but he knows perfectly well that I left my mother's palace at 10:30 P. M., and so I did. And where else could I have gone except here?"

And Ritter's eyes would darken with the fires hidden behind them.

"If you say so—Highness—"

"Of course I do say so. Come on Ritter, there might be advantages in having a Duke for your double. Some time in future—you never can tell."

And the Imperial stripling passed on, his head thrown back, a stray lock of very brown hair over his left temple.

The burning things in Ritter's mind gathered strength and shaped themselves into a very simple and ruthlessly definite feeling. There is no deeper hatred than the hatred of a man who cannot hit back when every nerve in him hungers for a blow. The thing spread grotesque, uncanny, preposterous throughout Ritter's life. It left room for little else. It made him wonder whether some unnameable fiend had not moulded that terrible resemblance in a dark corner where the eye of God had never entered. The youth began imagining things, planning subtle details of an ultimate revenge, when he, Cyril Ritter, a mere commoner, would have the upper hand over this arrogant imperial stripling. Such a revenge—schemed with the utmost caution and cunning, leaving not a single loophole to chance! Then common sense would push forward its saner claims and Ritter forced his mind to switch back to realities, battled with the rebelliousness in him, trying to realize that, after all, he'd only two more years at the Corps and those unpleasantnesses, however maddening, were trivial when viewed in the broad daylight of things which mattered.

**U**ET ALL these saner arguments were thrown overboard when La Levantine danced on her elf-tiny feet into the life of St. Petersburg.

La Levantine, brought by her fat-cheeked, dark-bearded father from out the curious vistas of Eastern lands—La Levantine—dark herself,

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but with such a winning, gentle darkness, tiny and supple and fragile, with her pink-shell ears and almond-shaped eyes and a ridiculous fragrant rosebud of a mouth. La Levantine, who tip-toed in her silver slippers into the big hall of the Corps House and with whom Ritter danced—once—twice—three times, holding her slender rose-sheathed body as shyly and timidly as though she was a flower stem out of some rare walled-in-garden.

SO HE danced with her and whispered silly things into that tiny pink ear and took her in to supper and went white and crimson when she introduced him to her heavy-shouldered, heavy-faced parent, who gave him a long appraising glance over her rose shoulder and mentioned that they were generally at home on Sunday afternoons. Of course Ritter was madly in love with La Levantine before the annual dance was over, and some hidden thing in his heart made him grateful that an important Court function had claimed the Duke's presence for the evening.

Then there were Sunday afternoons—a breathless wondrous succession of them, and from out an apparently casual dance-born flirtation came something much stronger and more vital and more real. At twenty-two Ritter knew that he could never love any other woman as he loved this timid-eyed Levantine. But she was of the East and Cyril realized the customs of her people. There was no other choice but to go to the fat-cheeked, heavy-eyed parent . . . And a shy incoherent talk it was . . . He, Ritter, was quite aware of so many disadvantages, but if he—if she—if they both loved each other . . . He meant that if—

The sleepy-eyed man from Levant put an end to this tortuous interview.

"My dear boy—" he sighed, "I am sorry—but my daughter's engagement is going to be made public tomorrow. I regret that you are late, but I am in no position to waive the honor of such an alliance. Besides, my little girl is quite fond of him."

Ritter did not hear the details. Slowly, his head bent, hands feverishly thrust into his pockets, he went down the wide marble staircase. He had not wished to say good-bye to La Levantine. It would have hurt too much. He had more than enough to grapple with as things were.

There happened to be a vacant sleigh near the house and Ritter hailed it giving mechanically vague directions to the man. The horse carried

him along the silent snow-covered quay and he sat immobile like a frozen statue.

Of course, he might have guessed it would happen. La Levantine went out so much though he had never heard anything about her and the Duke. An honorable alliance indeed—the Levant millions and an Imperial stripling! The news would be all over the town tomorrow. And what chance, indeed, had he, a poorly-ancestried commoner?

But La Levantine . . . Dully, his vision blurred and his heart tense for the pain in him, Ritter remembered all the precious little things about her, the dancing laughter in her almond eyes, the sweet little curve of that rose-bud mouth, the pleading of her silver-fluted voice because he had more than once hinted to her about the thing which had taken possession of him.

La Levantine—who—as he knew, would marry him freely and gladly—were it not for the interference of one whom he could not even hope to oust.

And the blinding burning hatred surging in Ritter's soul, flooding its innermost corners, hatred which more than merely touched upon an irresistible, wildly-primitive impulse to hit, to strike—even to slay.

The aimless drive over, he returned to the Corps to find a letter for him. La Levantine was too careful to commit herself to a signature, and his hungry eyes riveted to the very few crudely worded lines. Ritter read it with the face of one about to be sentenced to death.

"Father tells me you know. Cyril, I would rather have gone to the end of the world with you, but I have no choice. Will you remember that I love you as I shall never love another."

The next day Ritter, with his officer's exam coming in less than two months, handed in his petition for dismissal from the Navy. But he did not leave the Corps till he had met his double in the comparative privacy of a deserted drill-yard.

"WELL?" drawled the Duke, "I hear you are leaving the Navy. What a nuisance for the Admiralty—and myself."

"An instinct of self-preservation" — Ritter's lips twitched— "And—"

But the other was quick to interrupt.

"I know the real cause," he said icily. "We need not discuss it. My dear fellow—you were made to—"

"Yes—"

"To suppose that—" the Duke laughed—"that

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this world of ours is silly enough to allow any room for the love-in-a-cottage stuff! All the same—I am sorry—for your career.”

“The day hasn’t come for you to be sorry, Highness”—across the black and scarlet fires of his wrath Ritter caught a glimpse of some terrible vision ahead and the words he spoke carried the burden of prophecy, “but the day shall come, and, by God, I’ll live hoping for it.”

And then he turned on his heel and swung out of the yard.

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Life went on, traced in a dull gray pattern, for Cyril Ritter. He had heard of the Duke’s marriage about a year later, had since learned the news of La Levantine’s death and accepted it dully, almost indifferently. His dearest possession was that one artless letter of hers, his main ambition was to revenge himself on the man who had embittered his college days and had robbed him of La Levantine. But all along with these wild elemental things went steady purposeful work and the shaping of a different career. In the building of bridges he found respite, not to say salvation.

The maddening whirl of the Revolution found him in a Southern town. More than indifferent in his political acceptances, Ritter traveled up North on the chance of finding some sort of job either in Petrograd or Moscow.

There were thoughts of the Duke incessantly hammering on Cyril’s mind. Thoughts, mingled with a well-nigh savage fear that the other might be captured and dealt with before he, Ritter, had any chance of seeing his own justice meted out. In Petrograd he made cautiously impersonal enquiries which led to no results. Duke Constantine seemed to have vanished and Ritter went on with what shifting work he could find in the sadly depopulated metropolis.

The day came when, weary and spent in every limb, he was plodding along the sleety pavement of the Nicholas Bridge and an uncertain husky voice called him by name, and he swung round to look into the terribly sunken face of his double—clad in the most tattered clothes imaginable, a shapeless torn cap on his head, the fear of a hunted dog in the big hazel eyes.

“You—you—” Ritter clenched his fists, “you at last—at such long last—”

His first impulse was to throw a quick glance at the dilapidated bridge railings . . . What could be more easy than . . . But the pitiful look of a hunted dog in the other’s eyes chased the wild idea out of Ritter’s mind.

“Yes—it’s me,” whispered the altered broken voice, “and I am glad to have met you—at such long last. I have something to say to you. No—not here . . . Follow me at a distance. It’s not far. But, for God’s sake—come.”

Mechanically Ritter went the way led by the piteously ragged and shrunken figure. The bridge crossed, they passed along the quay and finally plunged into a labyrinth of unsavory slummy streets. And the Duke halted in front of a most dilapidated hovel, a door was pushed open, there were some rickety slippery stairs and at last they reached the upper landing and Ritter found himself in a horrible scarcely furnished room, with a carefully shuttered window and a spluttering tallow candle, stuck into a dirty bottle, on a disused sugar box. The Duke shut the door and the two faced each other—at last—

“Well,” said Ritter in a more than shaky voice.

“Yes—wait—do you hear any steps?” The other man’s lips went ashen gray.

Ritter shook his head.

“It’s probably rats scurrying in the basement. “Well?—”

“I believe they are coming to take me tonight. You mustn’t stop long—but I had to see you . . .” The ex-Duke’s shoulders crouched. “Well, let them come. I am tired of running away. After all—our day is spent.”

“It is,” acquiesced Ritter cruelly.

“And what does anything matter?” continued the Duke in a weary voice. “We’ll all have to die. Ritter, these two years have been like hell.”

“I can quite believe it.”

The Duke moved nearer, laid a dirty thin hand on the other man’s sleeve. Somehow Cyril could not rid himself of that timid, not to say cringing, touch, though every nerve in him leapt, tense and alive with the loathing of it. Those hands had held La Levantine, and she was dead!

“Well?” he asked roughly—“why did you want me to come here? Got anything to say?”

“A lot,” hurried Constantine, flicking his tongue over his lips. “Ritter, I am genuinely glad I have met you at last! I am sorry—to the very heart’s depths sorry for everything—the Corps and La Levantine and—”

“I WANT none of that,” broke in the man who still loved the very memory of La Levantine, “she—is dead, I can’t discuss her with you. As to other things—” He put such a world of contempt into his gesture that Constantine shrank from him.

“Say you have forgiven me,” he pleaded with

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the look of a beaten dog. "Say that you have. I know they are coming to take me soon. It would be easier for me to go if—"

"FORGIVE you?" echoed Ritter. "Highness, one could forgive a decent straightforward enemy, but—you—you weren't even that."

And when Cyril had said it, he knew he had his revenge to the full. Knew it in the suddenly shame-veiled eyes of his double who stood there before him.

"You weren't even that," repeated Cyril. "What chance had I against you—a Duke Imperial? What chance—except Siberia or worse?" He smiled grimly.

"The other huddled onto a rickety straw chair. The thin dirty hands crept to his face and they shook as though under the burden of the other man's revenge.

"You are right, Ritter," he muttered, his dishevelled head sinking lower and lower. "I can't even have the luxury of being forgiven before I—go."

The man who had loved La Levantine never moved. He had had it now—the bitter-sweet acme of revenge he had been dreaming about since the day when La Levantine's glory-shaped marriage had swept all sunshine off his paths. He had dreamed about it, had planned each detail, crimsoned with wildly spilt blood and ugly with savagely mangled limbs—planned those details slowly and cunningly. Now all these plans went awry, but, all the same, he had had his revenge. Dully, almost petulantly, Ritter realized himself emptied of his life-purpose. Things seemed chilly, shrunken and twilight gray. He felt spent beyond all utterance—spent and useless.

"I must go now," his lips moved, but he never heard the sound of his own voice. The ex-Duke did not stir.

"I must go," repeated Cyril.

Then the other raised his head. There was still something he wanted to say, but it would not come out.

"Well—speak," said Ritter in no very rough voice, "so long as it isn't another outburst of your sentiments. I want none of that—I tell you."

"No," the other man replied hoarsely, "Ritter—if you had killed me, you—you couldn't have had a better revenge. I have been a scoundrel and a rogue—but—but—"

"You are still a prince of the blood," broke in Ritter. "Yes, I know it—" he halted, "I knew it—" he repeated in a flat voice.

At this moment a door slammed somewhere . . . Inadequately muffled noise of heavy footsteps came from the stairs below. The two heard the awkward tread of hobnailed boots, the clang-clang of a rifle against the stone slabs, a hoarse oath as one of the newcomers probably missed his footing on the slippery stairs . . . The steps sounded nearer and nearer.

"It's them"—the ex-Duke's face went chalk-like—noticeably so even in the fitful light of that miserable candle-end. "Quick—there's a back door here—unless—" his voice was on the point of breaking, "unless you want to stay and give me over—or watch them take me."

"It's no concern of yours if I do," retorted Cyril fiercely. "But—I'll stay."

The other did not even look at him. He stood up and waited, his arms crossed, and however white his face was, it looked almost calm.

A very brief moment and the roughly opened door creaked on its rusty hinges. In the steady cool light of a big electric lantern, four men stood, grim and determined, their guns slung over their shoulders, their high-peaked caps throwing grotesquely lengthened shadows across the dirty gray walls.

"Here, comrades," said the leader. "We've stalked our prey all right. Constantine, ex-Duke and traitor to the Revolution, forward!"

"I am ready—take me—" came the answer.

And so they took him away, whilst the man who had married La Levantine stood, frozen into immobility and silence.

## Contentment

By M. C. KELLEY

Fire on the hearth, a lamp for the gloom.

An apple, a book, and my humble room

A kingdom becomes, fairer to me

Than kingdoms of kings.

Fire on the hearth, rainbow of flame.

Snowing without, soft blurs 'gainst the pane.

The friendly old clock o'er the mantel croons on

In my quiet room.

Fire on the hearth, hear the winds moan.

Some seek riches, others to roam.

But each day I'll pray for the haven to keep

Of my humble room.

Fire on the hearth, books, and my dreams.

Does mortal need more to bind up life's seams?

Secure in His keeping, His love shining there

In my quiet room.



# OUR JUNIOR READERS



## *Daddy Senn Fu's Own*

DEAR JUNIORS:

Here we are again on the eve of another great feast of the year. The great day of Christ's Resurrection should be a most happy day for every Junior and I'll tell you why. You know that our Blessed Lord promised to prove His Divinity by rising from the dead. If He had not risen from the tomb on the third day, you and I would still be nothing much more than the poor pagans of China. We might have learned that there is a God in Heaven. But we could never have reached Heaven because it was closed on account of Adam and Eve having sinned in the Garden of Eden. But on Easter Day Christ did rise from the dead. He opened the gates of Heaven to all of us. And that is the reason why we are all so happy on Easter.

And now Daddy wants to tell you Bobby Lo's story. You know that Lo just got back from a trip to Michigan. He wanted to tell about his trip last month. But Daddy promised to tell you all about it this month.

I went to the cabinet the other day and called for our little friend Bobby Lo. You know, every time I go near the cabinet there is a mad rush of Bobbies who almost tumble out the door. They are always anxious to get out for the Missions. As sure as I go near them they all think they are going out. When I called Lo, there was a general cry of injustice. This one and the other one wanted to know why Lo was going out again when he had just gotten back. Some wanted to know why they had never been given even a single chance when others were going out twice and even three times. "There was Smiles," they shouted. "He may be a good worker and bring back plenty of money. But does that prove that we cannot do just as good if you give us a chance. Why send Lo out again?"

At first I was not going to tell them why I wanted Lo. I intended to punish their jealousy by allowing them to think that Lo was actually going out again. But, Juniors, I hate to be hard on these little fellows. After all, many of these Bobbies have a very hard life ahead of them. Month after month you have been reading the stories told by the Bobbies. You never hear about dozens and dozens of good Bobbies who leave here to go out for the Missions. What becomes of them? Many a poor little Bobbie has been thrown into an ash can never to do any work for the Missions. I have known of some of them who have fallen into the hands of robbers who have heartlessly broken their backs and tossed them out a window. So you see, Juniors, I just hate to be hard on them while they are with me. Of course, I have to teach them what is right and what is wrong and sometimes it is necessary to punish them. But as a rule a little talk does them more good than any amount of punishment. After all, every Bobby here would be glad to do something to help the Missions and if, at times, they ask foolish questions, it is just because they are so interested in the Missionaries in China.

**F**OR INSTANCE, here was a perfect uproar about Lo going out again. Why were all these other Bobbies so upset about it. Certainly not because Lo was going out, as they thought, but particularly because they themselves could not go out and work hard. They want to work but they are getting few chances to do so.

So finally I gave in and told them not to worry that Lo was not going out again but was coming to my office to tell me about his trip. Well, nothing would do but all should hear the story. Poor old Chubby did not seem any too anxious to follow the crowd. But he came along with Smiles and Bobby Lee. By the way Bobby Lee seems to have become quite popular with his fellow

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Bobbies ever since he came back from California. I have heard so many questions about orange and lemon groves that I could almost describe one from all that I have heard.

**B**OBBY LO was all set to tell his story when Bobby Lee began to ask questions because he could not wait to hear the story. It was most impolite for him to interrupt the story just as Lo began. So I asked Lee; "Where are your manners? Did you leave them out in California?"

Lee seemed to be ashamed of himself. He never said a word but just kept silence for a long time. Meantime Lo began his story.

"Daddy, I was awfully glad you sent me to that little girl in Michigan. Her name is Eileen. She is really a very good girl. On my way out to Michigan I could hardly wait until I arrived because I was always anxious to see what Michigan looked like. You see, Michigan has for its motto: 'If thou seekest a beautiful pen—pennin—penninsula, behold it here.' I have always wondered just how beautiful Michigan is, so I thought the time would never come when I would arrive there. But after what felt like a whole week but was actually only two days I arrived at the house of Eileen."

I heard some grumbling going on among the other Bobbies and when I inquired what it was all about I was astonished at the shout that went up. Over all the other voices I heard Chubby: "That's a fine spirit for a Bobby to have. What are we coming to? Why, Lo wanted to see the world—that's the reason he was anxious to be sent out. Why, Daddy, when I was just a young Bobby we would not have dared to say such a thing? Always wanted to see Michigan! What does he want to see next—Niagara Falls or Lourdes?"

"Oh, Chubby," I said to him, "are you really jealous or are you so proud that you want to preach to the Bobbies? Were you anxious to see nothing when you were sent out?"

"Daddy, I'm sorry I said so much. Perhaps when I was a youngster I was just as anxious to see the world as Lo was. But I have learned better since then. What does it matter what we see or do if we are only working for the Missionaries in China. Why if I could only go to work again I would be willing to live in the darkest cellar in the world."

"Chubby," I said to him, "you are a wonderful oldtimer now and I hope you will always be a good Bobby. We may think much but we should always say little. If you were a little slower

about speaking you would not be sorry now."

All this time the Bobbies were very quiet. Bobby Lo did not know what to make of it. But he lost no time on his story when I gave him the sign to proceed.

"Daddy, it is a wonderful place and it is really beautiful. I think it is the most beautiful State in the Union."

Lee was not slow to deny that. "That only goes to show that you never saw California," he said.

Lo did not bother answering his brother but continued: "I reached there on a cold, clear morning and the ground was all covered with beautiful snow that glistened like diamonds in the sunshine. The trees were all covered with snow, too, and the roofs of the houses looked gorgeous!"

"You ought to write a book," chimed in Bobby Benny, who likes to tease Lo.

"Eileen gave me a hearty welcome. 'Oh, Bobby Lo,' she said, 'I'm awfully glad to see you. I never dreamed that Daddy would be so good to me as to send me the smartest of all the Bobbies.'"

**W**ELL, Juniors, you should have heard the uproar from all the Bobbies when Lo said that. "He just hates himself!" "Who does he think he is?" "Say, Lo, come down off the roof!" "What a distinguished world traveler!" Such were some of the cries of the Bobbies.

"Now, Lo," I said, "we are all interested in knowing all about your trip. But a little humility will make your story more pleasing."

"Daddy," he replied, "I am just telling what Eileen said. I know I am not the smartest one around here. But that is what she said. She took me to her father and told him all about my work and asked him if he did not think I ought to have something to eat."

"What does he eat, anyway?" said dad. "As far as I can see he has no teeth to chew anything. Do you feed him on milk?"

"Oh, no, Daddy, this is a Bobbie Box. Bobbie Boxes don't eat anything but nickels, dimes, quarters and money just like that. Can't you give him a good meal right now? I know he must be hungry because he came all the way from New Jersey."

"Her father did not seem anxious to give me anything at all. But after he smoked his pipe for a while he called Eileen and told her that he had a proposition to put up to her. Would she shovel the snow from the front walk? If she did then he would give me a good meal."

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"Eileen," he said, "I am just as much interested in the holy work of the priests and Sisters in China as you are. But when you work for the money you give them, then that money is blessed and will help them much more. Now if I just put a dollar down the throat of Bobby there, what would you be doing for the Missions? But if you go out and use that nice shovel I gave you for Christmas, why then I'll give you a dollar and you can feed Bobby well."

"All right, papa, it's a bargain. I'll get my shovel and when I have shovelled all the snow off the pavement I'll be back with Bobby to collect."

"Your shovel is small, Eileen," said her father, "and it is going to take you a long time to do that job. But if you really want to do something for the Missionaries just keep at it until you finish. Perseverance always brings success."

EILEEN did not answer. Away she went for her shovel. In a few moments we were both out in the cold. I was safely tucked away in a warm pocket. The snow was very deep and the shovel not very large. Eileen worked hard but somehow did not seem to be making much headway. After about a half hour without stopping she began to grow discouraged. Just then a girl friend of Eileen came along through the snow. She stopped short when she saw Eileen working so hard. "Why, Eileen," she cried, "what on earth are you doing that for? That's not a little girl's job. The snow is so heavy that you ought to have a man do that work. My mother would never allow me to do such work. Come on along with me and forget about the sidewalk. Let somebody else do it. I am on my way to the candy store. Come along and I'll give you some candy."

"No, I don't wish to go anywhere just now. I know this is a pretty hard job but I made a promise that I do it and I'm going to keep my promise."

"What's the idea?" asked her friend.

"Then Eileen told her all about the Missions. And then she told about you, Daddy."

"About me? What could she tell her friend about me?"

"Oh she said that you have been very kind to her because you sent her such a nice Bobby!"

This time there was no mistake about it. Lo was getting prouder every minute. This was the second time he had praised himself and the other Bobbies simply couldn't stand it. There was a general insurrection. I began to fear for

poor little Lo and had I not picked him up out of harm's way I fear that he would never have finished his story.

When Lo began again it was in a very low voice. I know that he was really frightened. I don't think he will ever praise himself again after the scare he got. Anyway, it seems that Eileen's friend could not agree with her that shovelling snow was a good way to help the Missions.

"Gracious," she said, "why, you'll never finish the job with that little shovel. If you had a big one it could be done quicker. But you couldn't handle a big shovel with this snow. So I guess you are going to be busy all night. No use in me waiting around here for you. I'd die waiting for some candy." And away she went on her errand of selfishness.

"Ten minutes later she returned with her mouth full of candy and swinging a bag filled with sweets. She just wanted to tease Eileen. 'Your father must have very little sense to allow you to do hard work,' she said to Eileen. 'I'd like to hear my father ask me to do anything like that. I certainly wouldn't do it and that's all there is to it.'"

"Eileen was getting tired. It was no joke to shovel snow for over an hour. And now she had to bear with this taunting from her chum. She felt impatient when she heard her father accused of having no sense. 'My father has more sense than you have,' she said. 'He is trying to teach me a lesson and the longer I work the more I am learning about it. Here, you, do you see this little Bobby Box? His name is Lo and he is working for China. When he arrived I wanted my dad to feed him. Then dad told me that if you wanted to do something worthwhile for the priests and Sisters in China you had to make a personal sacrifice, do something to earn money to give to Bobby for China. That's the reason why I'm shovelling the snow here. When I have finished this pavement dad will give me a dollar and I'll give it all to Bobby Lo for China!'"

"Oh let's see the funny little fellow."

WHEN SHE took me into her hands and sort of petted me for a minute. I knew she was beginning to be sorry for the way she had teased Eileen because she treated me very gently and then she looked into her purse and before I knew it she had given me a brand new dime. "There, Bobby," she said, "there's a little for you. If I had seen you before I went for this candy I would have given you more. Eileen, will you

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please forgive me for trying to tease you? I did not know you were doing this for the priests and Sisters in China or I would have helped you. Will you allow me to help you with the snow. I'll get a shovel right away.' And without waiting for Eileen's answer she ran home.

"It was not five minutes before she returned with a shovel and without saying a word began shovelling snow for all she was worth. Both girls worked steadily. Neither wanted to be the first to speak but both were anxious to get the job finished."

"When the snow had all been cleared away, Eileen thanked her friend for helping. But her friend only cried a little and silently walked away. Eileen called to her to please come back. She came back and then arm in arm both girls went into the house to claim the dollar reward.

"EILEEN's dad was pleased. He smiled and patted both girls on the head and told them that the Infant Jesus would certainly bless them for working so hard for the Missions. 'You know, girls,' he said, 'it is not the amount we give to such good work, but the goodness of heart that makes it pleasing to God. I watched you through the window. I saw you, Eileen, keep working and working and I know you must be awfully tired. And I also saw your friend pass by and go to the candy store. But, you see, Eileen, you have gained a double reward because you have made a new friend for the Missions. So I am going to double your reward. I will give a dollar to each of you girls to do with as you like. If you want to see a movie or to buy candy, you may do so. If you wish to feed Bobby Lo with it, so much the better. So here is the money to do with as you like.'

"A crisp dollar bill was handed to each girl. They looked at each other. But there was no hesitation. Each wanted to be the first to give me her dollar. And when they had fed me, both laughed, hugged each other and danced out of the room. I did not know what changed their minds so quickly when I saw them come running back but it did not take long to know what it was all about. There was a real race to see who was to get me first. Eileen won. Then her friend promised there and then to help feed me something every day and after that not a day went by without me receiving something from each of the girls. I grew so fat I could hardly be moved without danger of injury. Then one day Eileen came to say good-bye. She told me that I would have to return to Union City with the load of

money for the Missions. I was sorry to leave her, but I was also glad to come back with such a fine load. I don't know how much I brought you but I do know that every cent I brought was earned by Eileen and her friend. The secret was running errands, drying the dishes, getting high marks in school and saving all their candy money for the Missions. They are both good girls, Daddy, and I would be glad to go back."

That was Bobby Lo's story. When he finished I knew there would surely be some remarks from the Bobbies. I was not disappointed. Until now our friend Tiny had not said a word. "Daddy," he said, "is that all we're going to hear about Michigan. Why I thought we were going to hear all about the old copper mines and the great forests up there."

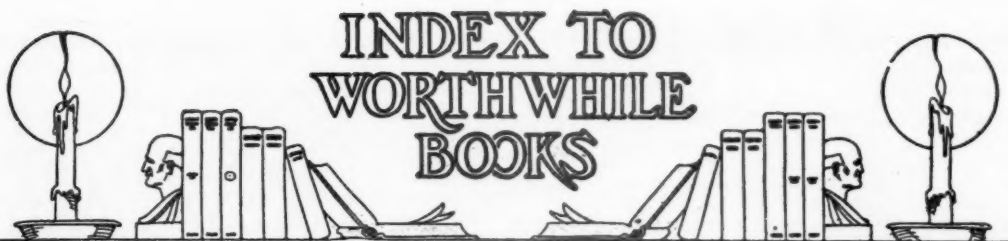
"Tiny," I said, "the best copper in the whole world is that which comes from Uncle Sam's mint and travels all over the world as an American Cent. You did hear all about one copper mine in Michigan. But there are many more that could produce for the Missions, not only in Michigan but in every other State in the country. The trouble is that there are not enough good little boys and girls like Eileen. And as for the forests in Michigan—well, you did hear about them too only you did not recognize them as forests. Forests are places where there are many trees, few paths and no highways. Eileen's friend is typical of the forests in Michigan. At first she was insensible to the great work being done by Eileen. That is like the wood in the trees. Then she got lost in the woods, that is, she got off the right track and landed in the candy store. She finally wandered back to Eileen and found happiness in again being out of the wilderness. She saw the right path and helped Eileen shovel the snow. She is now out of the forest and is traveling on the right path. But there are many little boys and girls lost in the forests of Michigan, California, Pennsylvania and the other forty-five states of America. Let us hope that they, too, will find the right path and become real helpers of the Missions."

SO JUNIORS, Daddy wants you all to imitate Eileen. She is a good girl and you can be just as good. But you will have to work hard for the Missions so that we can do a lot for the poor priests and Sisters in China. Be good, Juniors, and don't forget to pray for the Missionaries. A Happy Easter to you all.

Your friend,

DADDY SENN FU





[ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE CAN BE PROCURED THROUGH "THE SIGN." ADD 10% OF COST TO PAY POSTAGE.]

**THE JESUITS IN MODERN TIMES.** By John LaFarge, S.J. The America Press, N. Y. Price: \$1.50.

This book is in no sense a history of the Jesuit Order, nor even an exhaustive apology of its working and spirit, but "reflections . . . which represent certain impressions received of the Jesuit ideal, not as a matter of abstract theory, but in actual practice, by one who became a member of the Order after abundant experience of the world and of non-Catholic education, and after long opportunity to study the workings of the Jesuit life close at hand, with the impartial eye of an outside observer."

"Long hours of lonely traveling in a certain country mission gave opportunities for meditation on certain proportions and connections that might have been passed over in a more crowded life. The book, however, does not treat *ex professo* or officially with the Institute of the Order, or with the Canon Law of the Church as applied to the Order. It simply means to show what one secular priest found in the Society of Jesus in addition to his own priestly ideals." (Introduction.)

These quotations will prepare the reader to accept the following statement: "The little book is neither an historical treatise nor an apologia. It is not controversial. For points of controversy, if the reader is interested in them, reference may be made to the standard works treating of the Society. Little new will be conveyed to the well instructed Catholic, nor is the book intended to appeal even to the average reader. It is addressed rather to those persons who, though versed in current issues and alive to current ethical and social discussions, have yet to find an informal presentation of the Jesuit's aim in life in the terms characteristic of such discussions in our time and country." (Page 3.)

It is somewhat difficult to appraise "reflections," since they are so much a part of the individual. The objects from which the impressions are obtained come to the reader filtered through the mental glass of the author's mind. This, of course, is natural enough. Notwithstanding the subjective element which, as one must expect, permeates this book, the reader will notice a freshness and honesty of treatment concerning the Jesuit life and ideals which shows that the author is aware of the temper of society, and the necessity of interpreting the Order in terms which the public can understand. He exhibits clearly the fundamental principles of the religious life as followed in the Jesuit Order, and points out how these principles are reduced to practice. Jesuit Obedience, which is thought of as characteristic of the individual Jesuit, is explained as nothing more than the obedience which every one who lives the religious life vows to perform. "Obedience to God is conceived

of by Ignatius as a free choice of self-realization. It is an elevation of self in the true sense, for the right use of liberty is based on truth. By it he grows into the full stature of spiritual manhood, as shown by the God-man, Jesus Christ." (Page 43.)

The chapter on "The Jesuit and the World" undertakes to explain why it is that the Jesuits have always met with extraordinary opposition from powerful individuals, from governments, and from good men in the Church. Without going into details on these matters, the author keeps to his original purpose, viz., to show only the characteristics of Jesuit aims and ideals as explanatory of this phenomenon. While pointing out that the attacks made on the Order and the persecution toward it are but part of the reward prophesied by Christ in favor of all those who adhered to His cause; Fr. LaFarge explains the peculiar character of much of the opposition against the Jesuits, especially on the part of good men, as resulting from the "aggressive character of the Jesuit Apostolate, as seeking and maintaining the 'outposts,' and therefore rousing good men often from too much sense of security, disturbing them by unwelcome warnings, and urging others to action who would prefer to be left at rest." (Page 132.) To disturb a good man out of complacent spiritual lethargy is always a dangerous operation. The Company of Jesus meets the forces of evil beyond their own citadel. It does not wait until the enemy is below their very ramparts, but goes out to engage them in combat before their stronghold is attacked.

We feel that a perusal of this book will repay the reader with greater knowledge and esteem for the most widely-known Order in the Church.

**EXILE AND OTHER POEMS.** By Theodore Maynard. The Dial Press, New York, N. Y. Price: \$2.00.

Mr. Maynard's poems have been appearing fugitively in the foremost periodicals during the past few years and have won recognition in recent anthologies. The author makes no apology for presenting them anew in this slender volume, and he has no need to. His verses are permeated with that charming and substantial quality that endures and affords perennial pleasure with repeated perusal. Those who appreciate poetry as a delightful vehicle of culture may here discover that Mr. Maynard was eminently fortunate in gleaning "the simple fruit of subtle silences" in view of his own ingenuous description of the process:

A lucky accident  
Is verse—when music comes like magic sent  
From empty air  
To take us unaware—  
Our passion is beyond our set intent.

## THE † SIGN

THE CATHOLIC SPIRIT IN AMERICA. By George N. Shuster. Lincoln MaVeah, New York. Price: \$3.00.

Mr. Shuster has given us a great book, even though it humiliates. It is partly an analysis of the evolution of distinctively American mentality from the nowhere of the Calvinism of the Puritans, through catching up with the almighty dollar, and resting in the revelings of an unstinted good time for the animal phases of American—all resulting in the re-birth of the crudity and obscenity of Paganism. The analysis is very plausibly worked; so much so that one is sorely tempted to think it true to facts. One lays the book aside with the hurt realization that Americans are a people without culture, even though here and there cultured individuals partially redeem the situation.

Another outstanding feature of the book is generous gentlemanly scolding of Catholics for having done so little, and for still doing so little, to infuse into American mentality their inherited rich culture of twenty centuries. In castigating us the author would have done well to have been more generous in the use of the terms *churchmen*, *members of the Church*, or simply *Catholics*; and more parsimonious in the use of the honored terms, *The Church* and *The Catholic Church*, when discussing peccability and blundering. Infallibility is claimed only for the *ex cathedra* teaching of Popes and General Councils; but the Catholic system is too humble to claim freedom from blundering for either churchmen singly or collectively or for the laity. The author's purpose is plain enough. He censures churchmen and Catholics generally; but his language here and there suggests the suspicion that the failures of Catholics are the shortcomings of the Church. Belabor churchmen and Catholics generally even generously, when they give provocation for it; but it is bad taste for Catholics to speak or write in a manner which even only seemingly besmirches the spiritual organism whose name is THE CHURCH. St. Paul censured Cephas; but he did lay at the Church's door the blamable doings of Cephas. The following is an illustration, page 130: "Similar in this respect to the American Constitution, the Catholic Church does not in principle recognize the 'right' to freedom of worship. Fully three-fourths of what may be termed its political difficulties arise from this fact. But just as popular recognition of this freedom has gradually developed into a state of mind more or less acceptable to all democratic governments, so also the Church has steadily tended to agree that civil toleration in matters of conscience is necessary and desirable." Churchmen and Catholics in this passage would be more consonant with facts than either "the Catholic Church" or simply "the Church." If throughout the more or less deserved scolding and pointing the way to better things this caution had been observed, the reading in places would not be quite so angular as it is apt to prove to Catholics to whom The Church is "without blemish." Observance of this caution would have gone far to make these portions of the book strike home much more forcibly. Though leading souls to Christ is the distinctive work of the Church, and not the promotion of national cultures, it is not less true that she has always promoted the highest forms of culture, and that the combination of personal sanctity with very high degrees of even national culture in clergy and

laity, revealed in the written and spoken word and otherwise, will be a most powerful method for shaping or reshaping the mentality of any people. The scoldings give the book the not unwelcome flavor of the Catholic pulpit and of a certain type of spiritual books which goad one on to stride more vigorously and rapidly in the ways of all that is excellent.

The author would have done well to define somewhat more concretely in what sense he uses the much abused words of "culture" and "creative art," whose meaning is chameleonic enough to give free scope even to the Literary Rotary, Menchianism, and the drivilings which appear in the bulky Sunday issues of popular newspapers and not a few magazines. Then, too, when speaking or writing of Catholic culture, one should sufficiently emphasize lessons taught by words like the following: "In that same hour, He rejoiced in the Holy Ghost, and said: I confess to Thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven and earth, because Thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them to little ones. Yea, Father, for so it hath seemed good in Thy sight." (Luke, x, 21.) And St. Paul's: "And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not in loftiness of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of Christ. For I judged not myself to know anything among you, but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified. And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling. And my speech and my preaching was not in the persuasive words of human wisdom, but in the showing of the Spirit and power; that your faith might not stand on the wisdom of men, but on the power of God." Along these lines Catholics have done a vast amount of "cultural" work even without the fold, as the author so graphically points out: "I am profoundly convinced that all the Protestant creeds now in existence would tremble in their boots if Rome even so much as went on a vacation." It is "cultural" work which is not dependent on laboratories of prohibitive cost; but to speak of such work as "cultural" may be legitimate, but it is also confusing. It is characteristic of Catholic mentality to define terms even when producing literature, because our religion is dogmatic, and not the plaything of the much worshipped picayune godling which struts about so freely under the big-sounding name of "self-expression."

A third feature of the book, and which deserves much unstinted commendation, is the advocacy of combined effort between Catholics and sincere Christians of all other affiliations, first to stem the unrush of greater Neo-pagan crudity and obscenity, and then to strive to uproot what is flourishing so rampantly. The task is too vast for Catholics alone, because they are too small a minority to create a popular American revulsion against the barbarism of the printed word, of the cinema, of the stage, of art, and of the professorial heathenish rantings in not a few schools of all grades. Only an intense popular yearning can, humanly, develop spiritual sanity in American mentality, and lure it away from the animalism now so dominant.

THE CATHOLIC SPIRIT IN AMERICA should be very stimulating reading for Catholics, especially for priests, educators, and others of the professional classes. Agreement with the author on all points is not likely; but it is always helpful to face scholarly criticism, such as is offered by Mr. Shuster to goad us on to more efficient effort.



## More Sisters for China

AS AN item in missionary news, the departure of four Sisters of St. Joseph for our Foreign Field on March 3rd, merits headline space. To the members of the Family over there, such tidings are in the nature of a sensation; for weeks together no other topic would have the chance of a hearing. So pitifully few are they compared to the numbers required! There too, the harvest is white; if only also the laborers were many. Little wonder they constantly repeat the words of the Master:

"Pray that the Master of the Vineyard send laborers into the field." For us who remain at home, such an event is affecting, awakening zeal, even in the indifferent hearts to do what we can in contributing to the success of these heroic laborers.

After all, if being a Catholic means anything, it means being an apostle; it means striving to share the good things of Eternal Life which he possesses with the many millions who, through no fault of their own, are deprived of them. The news coming at

this time will give our readers, we believe, somewhat of a thrill. We were prepared to hear of returns rather than of departures, in what related to the Missionary Field. We have as yet not learned fully the consequences of the political chaos which so seriously disrupted the work of the Missions. Here is a surprise for us. It is indeed heartening to know that missionary activity is in full swing again. No better assurance could be given to us than that a new band, particularly when Sisters are the per-



ON THEIR WAY TO CHINA. SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH, DIOCESE OF PITTSBURGH



## THE † SIGN



A tombstone known as Turtle Monument. Situated at Pei-Tai-Ho, a summer resort not far from Tientsin. The turtle as used here is symbolic of long life. Strange to say, to call a man a 'turtle' is extreme abuse among the Chinese.

—Father Agatho, C.P.

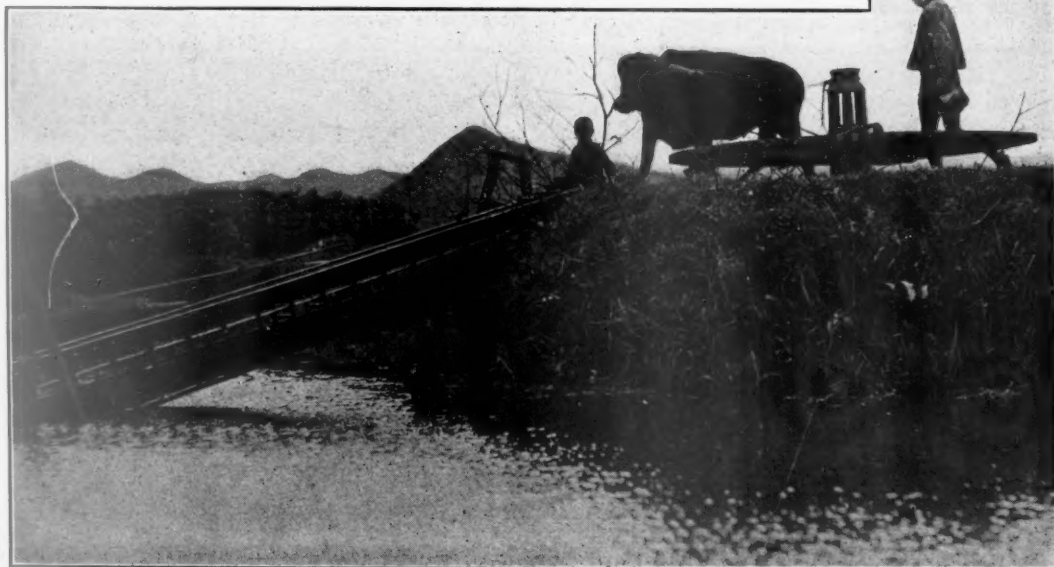
sonnel of that Band, is on its way thither.

It will readily be recalled how the missionary spirit of the Sisters of St. Joseph in the Pittsburgh Diocese was so severely tested out in the year just passed. The first band was subjected to a terrible ordeal. When the storm had cleared away, one of them lay buried in that far off land, far even from the scene where the Sisters had hoped to labor together and, at the last, to be buried side by side; another had to return in broken health. It was hoped, not unwisely, that convalescence would be shortened by the move. The two remaining Sisters quite literally were thrown up on the coast. Indeed we were all thankful that they came within the protection the different Nationals extended to their subjects gathered at Shanghai. At the first sign of the lifting of the tempest, the Community now comes forth with

the offer of additional workers. Whatever loss came of the suspension of activities will be more than offset by the increase in numbers returning to the Missions.

The public was not favored with the spectacle of the usual ceremony of departure. Even within the family circle the time of the leavetaking was kept secret. Every one seemed to feel that they could not bear the strain of a protracted farewell. There is a twofold love which every Missioner is called upon to immolate; one springing out of the ties of blood and the other from the bonds of religion. Everyone allows for the depth of the former, but few can sense the world of affection which the Religious Life creates. Only on the eve of the departure, the word went out in the Pittsburgh vicinity that the morrow was the appointed day. Sisters from the various houses, in taking leave of

*A Chinese idea of modern irrigation. This method is used in raising the water over the dykes for use in flooding the rice-fields in the low land beyond.*





## THE † SIGN

the travelers, could still cherish the hope that they would meet again. Many of them were spared, in that way, the ordeal of saying farewell. The Sisters left from Baden, where the Mother House is situated, boarded the night express, where it makes its last local stop, some fifteen miles from Pittsburgh. The adieus were said in the dimly-lighted corridor, and the procession moved hurriedly to the ample porches in the rear of the building. One could have wished for a flash light of the scene. There was the making of an impressive picture, depicting as it would, the lines of sorrowing Sisters and the dark figures of the future Apostles hastening to the waiting machines; one brief moment, and the headlights opened up a passage which was the first step of the long and perilous journey. There was relief on all sides that the parting was over with so quickly.

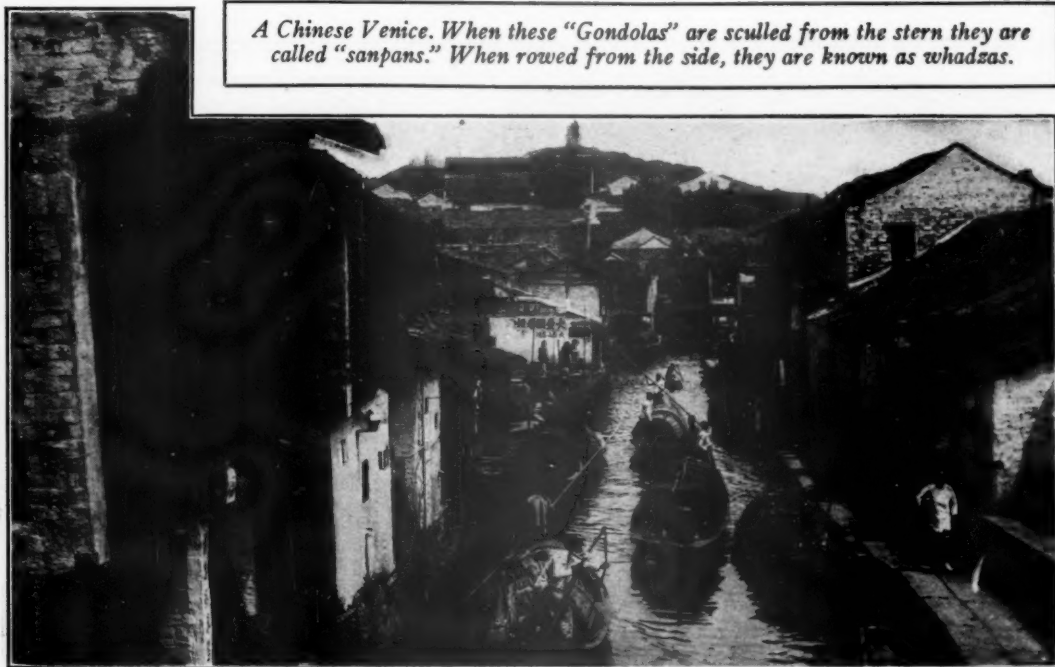
Mass was celebrated Sunday at the convent of the Divine Providence Sisters, Norwood Park, Chicago. The welcome which this community gave was spontaneously called forth by the occasion. There was something more here than the sisterly affection which is usual among the sisterhood; there was admiration, there was reverence and, who knows, a holy envy evidenced in the treatment which these good Sisters gave their guests. They too, have fellow Sisters in the Foreign Field. The Provincial of the Passionists of the West Province, Very Reverend Father Jerome, called on them. The Rector of the Monastery, Father Dominic, had so well planned that every least wish of the Sisters, had they had any such, was forestalled by his kind thought. That night the Sisters said good-bye to their Mother Superior aboard the

(Continued on page 570)



This beautifully carved group surmounts a pagan temple. A close inspection of the work brings to view a maze of delicate tracery invisible to the eye of one standing on the ground below. How sad it is that such wonderful talents are devoted to idols rather than to the True God.

*A Chinese Venice. When these "Gondolas" are sculled from the stern they are called "sanpans." When rowed from the side, they are known as whadzas.*



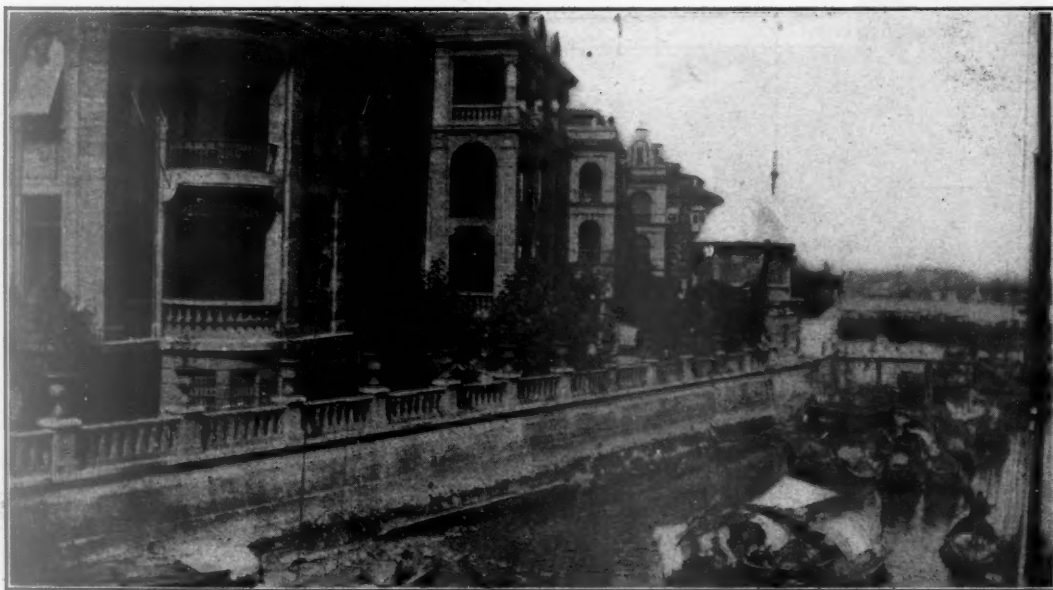
## THE † SIGN



*Above—Father Flavian Mullens, C.P., leaving Hankow on his way to Supu. The little boat will take him out to the Chinese sampan or passenger boat to be seen to the upper right hand of the picture.*



*Below—Modern houses in the heart of China. In these ultra-modern homes reside the Russian, German, American and Japanese Consuls stationed in Hankow.*



## THE † SIGN



*Above—The sidewalk fruit stand is no novelty in China. This photo is taken along the Bund in Hankow. In the background is the Yangtze River which is unnavigable for larger vessels beyond this port. The merchant is selling tangerines and sugar-cane.*



*Below—Tang Sen Chi's soldiers preparing to leave the city of Hankow. Before they actually departed they burned a portion of the Chinese city.*



## THE † SIGN



ADVERTISING METHODS IN CHINA

(Continued from page 567)  
Sante Fe train at the Chicago Terminal. Nothing could induce either the Sisters or Mother to have the farewell at the boat. Whoever has experienced partings from the shore knows why. The ordeal begins with the cry "All ashore who are going ashore" but does not end there; it only ends when the blurred vision can no longer discern the outline of the boat far out to sea.

Mother Genevieve is at the head of the band. A little incident will best convey the import of her being found on the list. A Missionary from South America who chances to be visiting us at this time remarked when he heard the names of the candidates, "I knew a Mother Genevieve when I was a boy; that, you know, was some forty years ago." It was difficult to persuade him that the Sister now on her way to China was that same Mother Genevieve. Though experience dictates that only the young and those who are strong should apply, Mother Genevieve left no doubt in the minds of the superiors that she was the exception to the rule; and this is only a modicum of what might be told; the remainder must be left unsaid. Sister Christina is a witness to the truth that the

missionary vocation is rooted deep in the very being of the favored soul. The longing to be back finally won the consent that she should be numbered among the select band. The remembrance of hardship and danger could not deter her, once there was assurance that health had been regained. The young Sisters, Marie Gertrude and Rose Gertrude, complete the group. One may only conjecture what their smiling countenances concealed of the sorrows of parting. There are their families too. God knows they gave of their very life blood, insisting the while that they were overwhelmed with the sense of gratitude for the Master having chosen their beloved ones for such exaltation.

It seems proper here to inject a word of praise to the management of the Sante Fe Railroad for the notable courtesies extended the Sisters on their overland journey. Word has reached us from the travelers commending the service which this road provides, and also extolling the beauty of the scenery along the route.

The journey to China, following the Southern course, is through seas and land as charming as anything on the face of

the globe. Some miles before the land of promise is in sight however, you meet the yellow which tinges so deeply, for a distance of many miles, China's coastline; even the sea cannot wash it out; the muddy hue is not to be lost sight of again until the rivers carry you far into the interior of the country.

The Sisters will write us of the welcome at Shanghai. How ardently the Sisters there have longed for their coming, and how great their joy will be on their arrival! While there, a visit to the native city will be part of the program; there, too, they will have to withstand the shock of their baptism into Chinese life. The stoutest heart winces under it. Nature, you may be sure, will be quickly disciplined, to be followed by a triumph of Faith and of Charity.

The mothers of China, present and future, must be won before we can seriously entertain the hope of a native Church. How well our separated brethren realize this is evidenced by the fact that for every male missionary there are two women in the mission field in China. There is widespread misinformation about the status of women in China. Perhaps in no other country is woman's position in the home so like to that of Christian mothers as in pagan China. Indeed, the conversion of China's women must, in the designs of Providence, be well nigh wholly the work of the Sisters.

Many hardships—imagination can hardly conjure them up—await the Sisters on the inland trip; also many dangers. Over wastes where there is no protection, by methods of travel which are incredibly slow, they must journey. Once in their missions, in the privacy of their own home, something of what we consider



## THE † SIGN

### Luki

By FATHER RUPERT, C.P.

the barest requirements in the way of living conditions may be obtained. But then, on the outside, on all sides of them, there is that world of misery, physical and moral, which to tender hearts and pure hearts, it is a very agony even to contemplate. Withal, there are the rewards of which all Missionaries speak!

#### Famine

**C**OMING events cast their shadow before them. Father Rupert here foretells a summer famine. Famine always means the loss of thousands of lives in China. Those of our good readers who have been following the story of the Passionists in China will readily recall the never-to-be-forgotten days of 1922 and 1926 during which famine ravaged the district entrusted to the Passionists in China. In the famine of 1922 over forty thousand, men, women and children perished in a single mission district within the space of thirty days. In 1926 the rice line at our Shenchow Mission consisted of over two thousand poor, hungry and wretched natives, who depended for their very lives upon the Passionist Mission. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. We are starting a famine-fund. This money will be carefully set aside for the great emergency which may God long withhold. Send your contribution now and the Lord will bless you.

**YOUR DONATION MAY MEAN THE SAVING OF A LIFE AND THE SALVATION OF A SOUL**

**A**FTER TEN months of forced absence from Luki I am back again at the old stand ready to begin God's work anew. Last year's Bolshevich Revolution, indeed, worked financial havoc in the Mission. Thanks be to God I have found no real apostates from the Faith in the Luki area.

One would imagine that the oceans of bitter anti-foreign literature spilled over the width and length of China by the rabid Russian Propagandists would have made China unsafe to foreigners for years to come. But again, China's peculiar nature manifests itself and just the opposite happens. In less than a year I find most of the anti-foreign spirit in this district either extinguished or forgotten. The Chinese are quick to espouse a project but just as easily and swiftly drop it and forget its existence.

In the past year Luki has suffered much from the various militaristic movements. The people, almost to a man, have been robbed by plundering soldiers. Shop-keepers are afraid to open their shops again and many of the best families of the

city have moved away. Unless conditions hastily improve their is every indication that we shall again face the dreadful days of famine during the coming summer. Troops, in great numbers, now stationed here are rapidly consuming the city's supply of rice. Already there is a scarcity of this all-essential food.

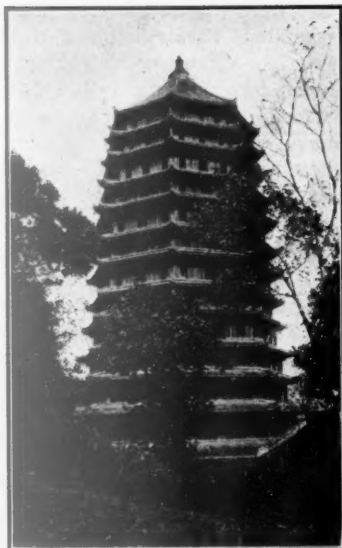
Recently a serious predicament was fortunately solved in a most unusual way. On the eve of the Chinese New Year, a hundred or more soldiers who were quartered in the houses of the people hereabouts, were suddenly surrounded by the troops of another Luki General. The besieged found themselves cut off from all food and water supplies. They realized their dangerous situation and were considering a wild dash for liberty by perpetrating a deliberate massacre of all who stood between themselves and freedom. It would have been a terrible slaughter with very improbable success. Happily the besieged realized in time how futile such an attempt would have been against superior numbers. In the end they surrendered themselves, guns and all.

It presented a real danger to the Luki Mission while it lasted. Only a few weeks previously the troops who surrendered had



SANPANS FOR RIVER TRAVEL

## THE † SIGN



A FAMOUS PAGODA

taken possession of the Mission itself. It was only through strong efforts exerted by Father Paul that we succeeded in ousting them. In the supposition that this handful of soldiers had given battle and had come through victorious, the natural result would have been their return to the Mission and revenge taken on us. Thanks be to God it all passed so peacefully. This is only another instance among hundreds of like experience where the Hand of Divine Providence protected and guided us.

While we have made every effort to repair the Mission and to give every nook and corner a thorough cleansing, there are still signs of the treatment given the building when the Reds took possession of the place. The chapel in particular suffered severely. Part of the altar was stolen and, no doubt, used for fire-wood. Boards were wantonly pried from the floor of the sanctuary which leads me to think that they suspected "hidden treasure" which they failed to find. "Hidden treasure"—it

makes me smile to think of such being at Luki. My greatest treasures are my little band of Christians. Thanks be to God they did not succeed in robbing me of any of them.

The walls were plastered with all kinds of "bulletins" and everywhere the soldiers had written names, etc. My own single living-room was scarcely recognizable when I first returned to the Mission. The bed had been stolen, and in its place was one they had stolen from the Protestant Mission here. The desk, cupboard, chairs and even the door knobs had been unscrupulously appropriated. My stove received such "gentle" treatment that it was a hopeless mass of junk beyond all hope of repair. Everything that could possibly be carried away had disappeared.

It is temporary losses such as these that make the Missionary say with holy Job "The Lord has given and the Lord has taken; blessed be the name of the Lord." For the future, as to what it shall bring I have no fear, for God will ever look after His servants.

I wish to take this opportunity to thank heartily each and all THE SIGN readers who have aided the Luki Mission in the past years. May God reward them. I am counting upon all my friends to help me continue the good work here. There is much still to be done. But I do need the assistance of all my friends in accomplishing the great things to be done for the greater honor and glory of God here in Luki.

## Liulincha

By PAUL UBINGER, C.P.

THE PAST year was, for us, apparently a failure. Yet, in fact, it was far from being such. The many misfortunes we were called upon to undergo were only blessings in disguise. The material losses we suffered only impress on us all the more the necessity of being detached. They have succeeded in making us turn our eyes more strongly than ever before upon the spiritual things of life thereby imbuing us with an increased apostolic spirit. The more brick and mortar we have the more distractions we must have. The confiscation of our goods and the occupation of our Missions do not necessarily prove detrimental to our work. Ours is a virgin field and our best work is done by approaching the individual and taking an interest in him or her personally. This we have been doing more literally since our return from Kweichow.

There is no denying the fact that here and there some of the younger men and women were led astray by the Red Propagandists. And while this is, indeed, sad, yet we have the happiness of knowing that the majority of our flock bore the ordeal unflinchingly and remained faithful. They have come forth from the crucible stronger and braver soldiers of Christ.

At present I am at this out Mission administering to the spiritual needs of the Christians. The bandit troops in possession of this town are occupying my Mission and forcing me to bunk with some of the Christians. I am helpless in trying to get the soldiers out. They treat me hospitably but only to make all sorts of vain promises. To appeal to higher authorities is practical-



## THE † SIGN

ly useless. For although the soldiers are supposed to be under the command of Government troops, they have preconceived notions of their freedom to do as they please. They have not the least idea of obeying orders from anybody. Might is right in their way of thinking. They are buying all kinds of guns and pistols and they fear no one.

However, my work goes on as if undisturbed. I am staying with the catechist's eldest son. I say Mass daily in his guest room where there is plenty of fresh air and is cold enough to freeze the water in the cruet. The neighboring Christians come here for Holy Mass and receive the Sacraments. I also visit the Christians in their homes.

Yesterday I returned from a three days' trip into the mountains where there is a large family of Christians who are very faithful and fervent. While at their home I heard thirteen Confessions, gave nineteen Communion, baptized three infants, confirmed one and blessed the marriage of a Christian couple. As Missionary Pastors we have the faculty of conferring Confirmation in preparation for Matrimony. I confirmed the bride who was a convert about a year ago. I also received four

new catechumens into the Church. This visit into the mountains was certainly most encouraging and shows what can be done.

It was extremely cold up there on the summit of the mountain. I witnessed a heavy snow-storm and enjoyed the gorgeous scenery while nature was changing her coat of evergreen to that of cottony white. The water in the rice-fields was frozen over and I would have been tempted to do some skating but lacked the necessary skates. As it was, I felt like trying to skate even without the steel runners.

The following day Old Sol smiled his tropical smile upon the landscape and nature forthwith laid aside her snowy coat of white. I left my mountain Christians with great reluctance and they were loath to see me go. They accompanied me for over two miles down the mountain slope, repeating, according to Chinese etiquette, the customary farewell greeting: "Go slowly, go slowly!" My pony, borrowed from a soldier, did not understand the Chinese and he trotted gaily over every level stretch of the mountain path and soon I was out of sight to my well-wishers. My altar boy held back to accompany the carrier and to

guard the baggage. He reached town shortly after I did.

Today I am again in my open air domicile, waiting for the soldiers to evacuate my Mission and permit me to go into my own house. I have not given up hopes, for the Communists have been wiped out and their spirit will not last much longer.

Tell all our friends to keep up their prayers and we will keep up our work.

## *Gemma's League*

### *An Association of Prayers and Good Works*

#### SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY

|                             |           |
|-----------------------------|-----------|
| Masses Said                 | 16        |
| Masses Heard                | 30,616    |
| Holy Communion              | 20,571    |
| Visits to Blessed Sacrament | 65,118    |
| Spiritual Communion         | 203,520   |
| Benediction Services        | 10,683    |
| Sacrifices, Sufferings      | 156,284   |
| Stations of the Cross       | 19,113    |
| Visits to the Crucifix      | 58,230    |
| Beads of the Five Wounds    | 334,020   |
| Offerings of Precious Blood | 668,435   |
| Visits to Our Lady          | 66,443    |
| Rosaries                    | 35,953    |
| Beads of the Seven Dolors   | 11,840    |
| Ejaculatory Prayers         | 4,396,932 |
| Hours of Study, Reading     | 45,094    |
| Hours of Labor              | 67,711    |
| Acts of Kindness, Charity   | 112,354   |
| Acts of Zeal                | 61,438    |
| Prayers, Devotions          | 852,100   |
| Hours of Silence            | 50,581    |
| Various Works               | 228,078   |
| Holy Hours                  | 141       |
| Hours Divine Office         | 2,233     |
| Hymns                       | 12,128    |

#### "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Ecc. 7, 39.)

**K**INDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

SISTER M. LIGUORI  
SISTER THEODORE  
REV. FATHER GLUSON  
REV. JOSEPH ZUBZYCKI  
SISTER MARY SYLVES-  
TER REINER  
JOHN WEBER  
A. FARLEY  
MICHAEL FOLEY  
JOHN SMITH, Jr.  
ALICE STONER

SARAH McLEINDY  
ROSE MARY FOLEY  
JOHN SMITH, Sr.  
HANORA CRADEN  
MRS. FITZ GERALD  
C. V. GRANT  
DELIA KELLY  
CATHERINE KELLY  
MAGDELINE MOSER  
MR. FISHER  
PATRICK O'CONNELL  
THOMAS WALLACE  
MRS. S. BRUNICARDI  
CELIA KENNEY  
WILLIAM G. STANTON  
ELLEN O'LEARY  
HELENA QUINN  
AGNES MAE O'HANLON  
THERESA BARNITZ

MARY SHANAHAN  
J. O. LAPOINTE  
T. CONNOLLY  
ANNETTE M. SCHWARTZ  
OTTO SERR  
HANNAH CAREY  
JOHN H. LEONARD  
JOHN DOLAN  
MARGARET McFADDEN  
ELIZABETH WHELAN  
MARGARET SCHMID  
ELIZABETH CAREY  
JOHN LEO CAPELUS  
CATHERINE FOLEY  
MARY McPHEE  
THOMAS RACHE  
ELLEN LINSKAY  
A. SMITH  
CATHERINE NEILAN

MARY MCCARTHY  
PATRICK CAREY  
ROGER MOTHERWAY  
MICHAEL SCHAEFFER  
CATHERINE CHASE  
M. F. DALY  
B. M. O'HARA  
MRS. W. A. BEZ  
DONATO BRIGANTE  
MARY BRESLIN

**M**AY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

Amen.



Father Edmund Campbell, C.P., was the Superior of the 3rd Band of Passionist Missionaries to sail for China. He left the United States in August, 1923. His little band of Missionaries were almost miraculously saved from death on four distinct occasions while enroute to our Missions in Hunan. His varied talents soon led the Superiors to assign him to the responsible office of Procurator. The strain of this difficult work soon manifested itself. He died very suddenly on April 14, 1925, and was buried in the Catholic cemetery in Hankow. His grave is shown to the right. R. I. P.

*Lest  
We  
Forget*

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**REVEREND  
EDMUND CAMPBELL**

**Passionist Missionary**

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**DIED APRIL 14, 1925**

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**MAY HIS SOUL  
REST IN PEACE**





**"By Such Sacrifices God's Favor Is Obtained." (HEB. 13/15.)**

We print here a list of Benefactors who have contributed to the relief of the famine-stricken in China. May God Himself reward abundantly their generous charity!

(Donations received up to March 15.)

**CIRCLES:** CONN.: Annunciata Circle, \$15.55; N. J., Holy Souls Circle \$6.50; St. Michael's Mission Circle \$37; N. Y., Good Shepherd Circle \$5.  
**CALIF.:** Anaheim, J. A. \$2; Los Angeles, J. W. \$3; M. M. \$2; Oakland, E. P. \$5; San Diego, E. Z. \$2.  
**CONN.:** Bridgeport, M. W. \$4; W. L. K. \$1; Fairfield, I. H. \$5; Hartford, A. E. F. \$15; New Hartford, M. H. \$50; Stratford, J. J. G. \$1; Watertown, S. M. G. \$21.  
**D. C.:** Washington, J. P. H. \$2; E. J. R. \$3.  
**IDAHO:** Cottonwood, F. W. \$5.  
**ILL.:** Batavia, C. P. \$2; Chicago, M. M. \$1; H. W. M. \$5; J. F. C. \$2; D. O. O'S. \$1; E. D. \$3; G. S. \$1; J. F. \$1; A. D. \$2; P. M. B. \$3; G. \$5; F. M. C. \$5; N. E. T. \$5; J. B. C. \$50; M. B. C. \$5; L. B. \$1.50; D. G. S. \$1; Elgin, F. A. E. \$1; Oak Park, M. O. \$2.  
**IND.:** New Albany, Anon. \$3.  
**IOWA:** Lansing, W. M. K. \$5.  
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**MD.:** Baltimore, G. F. O. \$2; A. M. \$1; Catonsville, S. F. M. \$3.  
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## What Can Be Done

**T**HE following excerpt from a letter gives a fair index to the possibilities for good in even one little Mission. It speaks of events now past and refers to a year long ago. But the future can witness a continuation of the same good if our friends will cooperate with us for the honor and glory of God:

**S**INCE last June seventy-five persons were baptized. Twelve hundred and sixty-two Confessions were heard. Thirty-six hundred Communion were received. There were two Catholic marriages, one death, and four received the Sacrament of Extreme Unction.

The Paotung District has four Government schools, whilst each Mission has a school of Christian Doctrine. Our dispensary treated over ten thousand cases, not counting first-aid in wartime and cases of dental work.

At present there are about five hundred Catechumens under instruction. My staff of helpers consists of ten Catechists, six school-teachers, one Chinese physician and six manual laborers. A Preparatory School has been started and now has four promising young men preparing for the Priesthood. An important item and one in which my friends helped me is the annual expenditures which are in excess of \$6,000. For these favors and the blessings I have received I call down upon my good friends God's favor. I ask them to help continue the good work. Is it not worthwhile?

—(Rev.) Raphael Vance, C.P.

**P**LEASE look at the SPIRITUAL TREASURY OF PRAYERS AND GOOD WORKS, in behalf of our Chinese Missionaries, on page 573. Will you increase that TREASURY by joining GEMMA'S LEAGUE? Will you contribute to the material upbuilding of our Missions by a donation? Any donation, large or small, will be heartily appreciated. Our Missionaries need both spiritual and financial help and are counting on your personal generosity to give it to them.

## With Your Assistance



## Painless Giving



**A** GOOD THING to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value: it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want—the Box or the Bank? You can have both, if you wish

===== ADDRESS: PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES, THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J. =====

Please write or print  
Name and Address  
very plain.

*Just drop us a line asking for a Box or a  
Bank. It will be sent you by return mail!*

**O**UR representative has called at the Brunswick Laundry, 220 Tonnelle Avenue, Jersey City, N. J., and made a thorough inspection of the Largest Laundry in America. He was astonished to find cleanliness and sanitation brought to perfection; he has found over 850 Employees, cheerful, healthy and satisfied with their jobs, their pay and their employers. Patrons are always invited to visit this large plant and see for themselves the process of washing and ironing. The Brunswick Laundry's policy has always been fair play to all employees and customers. We gladly recommend this firm to our readers.

Protestant: Catholic: Passionist:

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THE SIGN

Union City

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MEMBERS OF THIS SOCIETY ARE ENROLLED AS PERPETUAL BENEFACTORS OF THE PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES IN CHINA, AND PARTICIPATE IN THE FOLLOWING SPIRITUAL BENEFITS:

**While Living:** One Holy Mass every day of the year; a High Mass in every Passionist Monastery throughout the world on these Feasts:

|                                  |                               |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Jan. 1, The Circumcision         | Aug. 25, St. Bartholomew      |
| Jan. —, Holy Name of Jesus       | Sept. 8, Nativity of Mary     |
| Feb. 2, Purification of Mary     | Sept. 22, St. Matthew         |
| Feb. 22, St. Matthias            | Oct. 28, Sts. Simon and Jude  |
| May 1, Sts. Philip and James     | Nov. 30, St. Andrew           |
| May 3, Finding of the Holy Cross | Dec. 21, St. Thomas           |
| July 25, St. James               | Dec. 26, St. Stephen          |
|                                  | Dec. 28, St. John, Evangelist |

**After Death:** One Holy Mass on every day of the year; in every Passionist Monastery in the world, Holy Mass and the Divine Office for the Dead on the first day of every month, and High Mass of Requiem with Funeral Rites and Divine Office for the Dead within the Octave of All Souls Day.

**Furthermore:** Both the Living and the Dead Benefactors share in the Special Prayers recited every day by all Passionist Communities. In particular, they share in all the Masses, Prayers and Good Works of the Passionist Missionaries in China.

Perpetual Membership in the Passionist Chinese Mission Society is given in consideration of a LIFE SUBSCRIPTION to THE SIGN, the Official Organ of the Passionist Missions in China. Both the Living and the Dead may be enrolled as Perpetual Benefactors. The price of a Life Subscription is \$50.00. *It may be paid on the installment plan in amounts to suit your own convenience.*

**L**ONG AFTER you are forgotten even by your own, membership in the Passionist Chinese Mission Society will entitle you to the spiritual helps you may need. \* \* \* \* As for your deceased friends and relatives, what better gift than enrollment in this Society?

PLEASE WRITE TO:

**The Passionist Missionaries**

Care of THE SIGN

Union City

New Jersey



